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# COBB'S SEQUEL

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TO THE JUVENILE READERS;

COMPRISING

A SELECTION OF LESSONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FROM HIGHLY ESTEEMED

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WRITERS.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF HIGHER CLASSES IN SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES;  
AND TO IMPRESS THE MINDS OF YOUTH WITH  
SENTIMENTS OF VIRTUE AND RELIGION.

BY LYMAN COBB,

AUTHOR OF THE SPELLING-BOOK, SCHOOL DICTIONARY, JUVENILE  
READERS, AND EXPLANATORY ARITHMETICK.

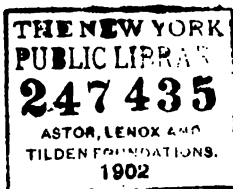
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STEREOTYPED BY REES, REDFIELD, AND RIPLEY...NEW YORK

NEW-YORK.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1834.



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["Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1832, by LYMAN COBB, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York."]

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ROY WEN  
CLUB  
VHAR

## P R E F A C E.

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THE favour shown by the publick to the "Juvenile Readers," has encouraged the Compiler to hope, that the present volume will be deemed worthy of attention.

IN forming this compilation, the object has been to preserve the same chaste attention to the morals of youth as in the former works. The materials have been taken from the most admired and elegant writers; and the pieces are generally more extended, and contain a greater variety of style and composition. It is, therefore, presumed, that this work will form a proper "Sequel to the Juvenile Readers;" and will be calculated to allure the tender mind to the love of knowledge, and the practice of virtue and religion; to inform the understanding, and please the imagination; to warm the opening bosom with social and benevolent affections, to inculcate the several duties and principles of morality, and thereby improve, both in private families and in schools, the highest class of young readers. It is well known, that the influence of school exercises, in the formation of young minds, is very great; and, perhaps, that influence does not operate with more force in any department of education than through the medium of lessons for exercise in reading. Chastity of thought, and purity of diction, have, therefore, been objects of the Compiler's peculiar attention.

He has great confidence in the favourable reception of this work, from the circumstance, that it will present to the American youth a selection of pieces, a portion of which is from American writers, none of this class being in the English Reader, the book most generally in use in the schools of this country; and pride for the literary reputation of our own country, should, it would seem, dictate to us the propriety of inserting in the books of our primary schools, specimens of our own literature.

Believing, that no advantage could possibly arise from a methodical arrangement of the lessons, he has preferred variety to system, so that the reader will have a number of subjects for each week's reading; and, he has spared no pains to render the work, in all respects, worthy of the generous patronage which a liberal publick has bestowed on his former publications.

LYMAN COBB.

*New York, May 15, 1832.*

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## COBB'S SEQUEL

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### LESSON I.

#### *Education.*

1. WHAT a fine acquirement ; how productive of good, and how replete with excellence and importance to man is education. It is one of the brightest ornaments which can gild his passage through this world, or which can make him appear to any advantage in it. It places within his reach all those comforts and pleasures which, as man, he can possibly enjoy, and affords him an opportunity of dissipating the clouds of ignorance, and thereby contributing to the welfare of his fellow beings.

2. Education leads man from the path of ignorance into that of knowledge, guides his reason and understanding, restrains and acts as a rein to his passions, by keeping them within all due and proper bounds. It teaches him to contemn and despise the meanness of the ignorant ; to look down with indignation upon their presumption and self-sufficiency ; to treat with cool indifference the low and sordid motives by which they are generally actuated, and which characterize their every action.

3. Education is an acquisition far more valuable than riches. The man of wealth is liable, through the vicissitudes and changes of fortune, to lose it, and to be reduced to poverty ; but he who is endowed with, and possesses education, will never be deserted by it. It will attend him as well in adversity as in prosperity ; it will follow him from the mansion to the hovel ; will accompany him when mixing among the circles of the fashionable and great, and descend with him to the habitations of penury and distress.

4. Even should he be consigned to a dungeon, by the lawless hand of oppression, there, also, will it be his companion,

cheering and consoling him, affording him fortitude to bear his hapless fate with patience and resignation. In whatever station of life man is placed, if he has once obtained education it will always attend him, whether in affluence or poverty, greatness or obscurity. It will accompany him along the airy path of youth, and will retire with him beneath the evening shade of old age, cheering and enlivening him, and rendering the last stage of his existence less irksome and tedious than it otherwise would be.

5. Education may be ranked as one of the most valuable gifts which man can have bestowed upon him; without it he passes through life almost unnoticed and disregarded; and not having a mind sufficiently bright to guide him, is subject to ridicule, and is obliged, and necessitated to be wholly influenced and directed, and governed by those who have drank of, and whose minds have been well watered and cultivated by the "Pierian Spring."

6. Under the influence of education, civilization is introduced, by which governments have been formed, and laws enacted for the purpose of regulating and ruling the actions of men; a social and regular intercourse established between mankind, which has a tendency to render them of mutual and reciprocal benefit to each other.

7. What would the world be without civilization? It would be without regularity; it would present a sickening picture of confusion and tumult, disorder and irregularity; some of the worst and most pernicious passions would be gratified without shame or restraint; some of the most heinous and glaring crimes would be committed with impunity; dark ignorance, with all its tendencies and destructive consequences, would prevail.

8. Without civilization man would be sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism; he would be upon a level with the brute creation. It is certain that through the medium of education, civilization is effected, for without the former, the latter could not be properly appreciated. Surely an ignorant man could not enumerate the many benefits and blessings consequent to, and attendant on a civilized state, nor point out the many disadvantages and inconveniences which follow in the train of an uncivilized one.

9. It is, therefore, the man of education, and only him, who can point out to, and bring before the view of his uncivilized brother, the many advantages and comforts arising out of, and flowing from humanized society; it is only him who can make the inhabitant of the forest fully sensible of the numerous dangers and difficulties to which his mode of life is liable.

10. To education, that happy and beneficial discovery, navigation, owes its enlargement, through the instrumentality of which the luxuries as well as the comforts of life are conveyed : by which we gain information of what is transacting in other climes, and which brings us to a knowledge of what is transpiring in the remotest corners of the earth. To education the arts and sciences owe their progress ; without its aid they never would have arrived at their present height. To education may be attributed that useful, valuable, and highly important invention, the compass ; that advantageous science, which enables the canvassed pedestrian to travel through ocean's unbeaten track, bearing on its bosom the superfluities, as well as the necessities of man.

11. Education dissipates the mists of bigotry, and places before our view, truth in its purest, and brightest, and most genuine colours ; it kindles into a flame that innate spark which glimmers in the bosom of every human being, but if not fanned by education, will be like unpolished marble ; its intrinsic beauty will never be known ; or, like some unexplored mine, its value cannot be estimated ; or, like the great illuminator of the world, when obscured by a cloud, its magnificence and splendour are hid, and, consequently, cannot be duly or rightly appreciated.—DATANET.

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## LESSON II.

### *Formation of Character.*

1. It is ever to be kept in mind, that a good name is in all cases the fruit of *personal exertion*. It is not inherited from parents ; it is not created by external advantages ; it is no necessary appendage of birth, or wealth, or talents, or station ; but the result of one's own endeavours ; the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honourable action. This is the more important to be remarked, because it shows that the attainment of a good name, whatever be your external circumstances, is entirely within your power.

2. No young man, however humble his birth, or obscure his condition, is excluded from the invaluable boon. He has only to fix his eye upon the prize, and press toward it, in a course of virtuous and useful conduct, and it is his. And it is interest-

ing to notice how many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honour and usefulness by dint of their own persevering exertions. They are to be found, in great numbers, in each of the learned professions, and in every department of business; and they stand forth, bright and animating examples of what can be accomplished by resolution and effort.

3. Indeed, my friends, in the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and the third virtue. Nothing great or excellent can be acquired without it. A good name will not come without being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the result of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the attainment of a good character than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own endeavours, "will drop you mid way; or, perhaps, you will not have started, when the diligent traveller will have won the race."

4. To the formation of a good character, it is of the highest importance that you *have a commanding object in view, and that your aim in life be elevated.* To this cause, perhaps, more than to any other, is to be ascribed the great difference which appears in the characters of men. Some start in life with an object in view, and are determined to attain it; while others live without plan, and reach not for the prize set before them. The energies of the one are called into vigorous action, and they rise to eminence; while the others are left to slumber in ignoble ease and sink into obscurity.

5. It is an old proverb, that he who aims at the sun, to be sure will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on a level with himself. Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high; and, though you may not reach it, you can hardly fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are *capable* of doing.

6. They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence. They have no high, commanding object at which to aim; but often seem to be passing away life without object and without aim. The consequence is, their efforts are few and feeble; they are not waked up to any thing great or distinguished; and, therefore, fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

7. My friends, *you may be whatever you resolve to be. Resolution is omnipotent.* Determine that you *will* be something in the world, and you *shall* be something. Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. This is the great secret of effort and eminence. *I cannot do it, never accomplished any thing; I will try,* has wrought wonders.

8. You have all, perhaps, heard of the young man, who, having wasted, in a short time, a large patrimony, in profligate revels, formed a purpose, while hanging over the brow of a precipice from which he had determined to throw himself, that he would regain what he had lost. The purpose thus formed he kept; and though he began by shovelling a load of coals into a cellar, he proceeded from one step to another, till he more than recovered his lost possession, and died an inveterate miser, worth sixty thousand pounds.

9. I mention this, not as an example to be imitated, but as a signal instance of what can be accomplished by fixed purpose and persevering exertion. A young man who sets out in life with a *determination* to excel, can hardly fail of his purpose. There is, in his case, a steadiness of aim; a concentration of feeling and effort, which bear him onward to his object with irresistible energy, and render success, in whatever he undertakes, certain.—J. HAWES.

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### LESSON III.

#### *Importance of Virtue.*

1. VIRTUE is of intrinsic value, and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependant on power, but the guide of all power.

2. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient; and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities, and the greater curses they become.

3. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future state, to which we may be removed.

4. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for-

ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation ; and fits us for conversing with any order of superiour natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.

5. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence, is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his Almighty power in our defence. Superiour beings of all ranks are bound by it, no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this.

6. The farther any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe, it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature, and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

7. Such is the importance of virtue. Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it? There is no argument or motive, in any respect fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul, is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world.

8. If you are wise, then study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing. Lose this, and all is lost.—PRICE.

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## LESSON IV.

### *Industry and Application.*

1. **DILIGENCE**, industry, and proper application of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare.

2. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired ; in youth the incentives to it are strongest from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to

quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? In idleness is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure.

3. Nothing is so opposite to true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful.

4. Though it appear a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water, which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin.

5. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society or publick amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?

6. Amusements youth require; it were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them. But though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business of the young. For they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

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## LESSON V.

### *The Falls of St. Anthony.*

1. From the common propensity of travellers to exaggerate, the Falls of St. Anthony, until very recently, have been much overrated. Instead of the extravagant estimates of the first

French writers, or even the fall of fifty feet, assigned to them by more modern authorities, the real fall of the Mississippi, here, is between sixteen and seventeen feet of perpendicular descent. Though it has not the slightest claim to compare with Niagara in grandeur, it furnishes an impressive and beautiful spectacle in the loneliness of the desert.

2. The adjoining scenery is of the most striking and romantick character; and, while the traveller listens to the solemn roar of the falls, as it sinks into feeble echoes in the forests, a thrilling story is told him of the love and despair of a young Dakota Indian woman, who, goaded by jealousy toward her husband, that had taken another wife, placed her young children in a canoe, and, chanting the remembrances of love and broken vows, precipitated herself and her infants down the falls.

3. Indians are always romancers, if not poets. Their traditions say, that these ill-fated beings, together with their canoe, so perished, that no trace of them was seen. But they suppose, that her spirit wanders still near this spot, and that she is seen, on sunny mornings, carrying her babes, in the accustomed manner, bound to her bosom, and still mourning the inconstancy of her husband.

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## LESSON VI.

### *On Gratitude.*

1. **THERE** is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with so great inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification which it affords.

2. If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies.

3. If gratitude, when exerted toward one another, naturally

produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.—ADDISON.

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## LESSON VII.

### *The Advantages of a Taste for Natural History.*

1. WHEN a young person who has enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education, instead of leading a life of indolence, dissipation, or vice, employs himself in studying the marks of infinite wisdom and goodness which are manifested in every part of the visible creation, we know not which we ought most to congratulate, the publick, or the individual. Self-taught naturalists are often found to make no little progress in knowledge, and to strike out many new lights, by the mere aid of original genius and patient application.

2. But the well educated youth engages in these pursuits with peculiar advantage. He takes more comprehensive views, is able to consult a greater variety of authors, and, from the early habits of his mind, is more accurate and more methodical in all his investigations. The world at large, therefore, cannot fail to be benefited by his labours; and the value of the enjoyments, which at the same time he secures to himself, is beyond all calculation.

3. No tedious, vacant hour ever makes him wish for, he knows not what; complain, he knows not why. Never does a restless impatience at having nothing to do compel him to seek a momentary stimulus to his dormant powers, in the tumultuous pleasure of the intoxicating cup, or the agitating suspense of the game of chance. Whether he be at home or abroad, in every different clime, and in every season of the year, universal nature is before him, and invites him to a banquet richly replenished with whatever can invigorate his understanding, or gratify his mental taste.

4. The earth on which he treads, the air in which he moves, the sea, along the margin of which he walks, all teem with objects that keep his attention perpetually awake, excite him to healthful activity, and charm him with an ever varying succession of the beautiful, the wonderful, the useful, and the new. And if, in conformity with the direct tendency of such occupa-

tions, he rises from the creature to the Creator, and considers the duties which naturally result from his own situation and rank in this vast system of being, he will derive as much satisfaction from the anticipation of the future, as from the experience of the present, and the recollection of the past.

5. The mind of the pious naturalist is always cheerful, always animated with the noblest and most benign feelings. Every repeated observation, every unexpected discovery, directs his thoughts to the great Source of all order, and all good; and harmonizes all his faculties with the general voice of nature.

"The men  
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself  
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,  
With his conceptions; act upon his plan,  
And form to his the relish of their souls."—WOOD.

## LESSON VIII.

### *On the Importance of Order in the Distribution of our Time.*

1. **TIME** we ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to us by God; of which we are now the depositaries, and are to render an account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted to us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next.

2. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along smoothly.

3. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But, where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of inci-

dents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

4. The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think of it, as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out.

5. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

6. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterward in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season.

7. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

8. But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future.

9. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas those hours fleet by the man of confusion like a

shadow. His days and years are either blanks, of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with so confused and irregular a succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.—BLAIR.

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## LESSON IX.

### *Cultivation of Memory.*

1. Memory implies two things: first, a capacity of retaining knowledge; and, secondly, a power of recalling that knowledge to our thoughts when we have occasion to apply it to use. When we speak of a retentive memory, we use it in the former sense; when of a ready memory, in the latter. Without memory, there can be neither knowledge, arts, nor sciences; nor any improvement of mankind in virtue, or morals, or the practice of religion. Without memory, the soul of man would be but a poor, destitute, naked being, with an everlasting blank spread over it, except the fleeting ideas of the present moment.

2. There is one great and general direction, which belongs to the improvement of other powers as well as of the memory, and that is, to keep it always in due and proper exercise. Many acts by degrees form a habit, and thereby the capacity or power is strengthened and made more retentive and ready. Due attention and diligence to learn and know the things which we would commit to our remembrance, is a rule of great necessity. There are some persons, who complain they cannot remember what they hear, when, in truth, their thoughts are wandering half the time, or they hear with such coldness and indifference, and a trifling temper of spirit, that it is no wonder the things which are read or spoken make but a slight impression, and soon vanish and are lost. If we would retain a long remembrance of the things which we read, or hear, we should engage our delight and pleasure in those subjects, and use proper methods to fix the attention. Sloth and idleness will no more bless the mind with intellectual riches, than they will fill the hand with gain, the field with corn, or the purse with treasure.

3. Some persons are conceited of their abilities, and trust so much to an acuteness of parts denominated genius, that they think it superfluous labour to make any provision beforehand

and they sit still, therefore, satisfied without endeavouring to store their understanding with knowledge. Such should remember that we are born ignorant of every thing. God has made the intellectual world harmonious and beautiful without us; but it will never come into our heads all at once; we must bring it home by degrees, and there set it up by our own industry, or we shall have nothing but darkness and chaos within, whatever order and light there may be in things without us.

4. Others, on the contrary, depress their own minds, despond at the first difficulty, and conclude that getting an insight in any of the sciences, or making any progress in knowledge, farther than serves their ordinary business, is above their capacities. The proper remedy here is to set the mind to work, and apply the thoughts vigorously to the business; for it holds in the struggles of the mind, as in those of war; a persuasion that we shall overcome any difficulties that we may meet with in the sciences, seldom fails to carry us through them. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, until he has tried.

5. All things are open to the searching eye  
Of an *attentive* intellect, and bring  
Their several treasures to it, and unfold  
Their fabrick to its scrutiny. All life,  
And all inferiour orders, in the waste  
Of being spread before us, are to him,  
Who lives in meditation, and the search  
Of wisdom and of beauty, open books,  
Wherein he reads the Godhead, and the ways  
He works through his creation, and the links  
That fasten us to all things, with a sense  
Of fellowship and feeling; so that we  
Look not upon a cloud, or falling leaf,  
Or flower new blown, or human face divine,  
But we have caught new life, and wider thrown  
The door of reason open, and have stored  
In memory's secret chamber, for dark years  
Of age and weariness, the food of thought,  
And thus extended mind, and made it young,  
When the thin hair turns gray, and feeling dies.

PERCIVAL.

## LESSON X.

*On the Beauties of the Psalms.*

1. **GREATNESS** confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life : its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the monarch of Israel experienced. He sought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire : and alleviated the disquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they afforded to himself.

2. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use ; delivered out as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel ; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress ; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal ; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption.

3. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Endited under the influence of HIM, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations ; grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate.

4. The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrance : but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful ; their bloom appears to be daily heightened ; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellences, will desire to taste them again ; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

5. And now, could the author flatter himself, that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work, which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the bustle and hurry of life, the din of politicks, and the noise of folly. Vanity and vexation flew away for a season : care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He arose, fresh as the morning, to his task ; the silence of the night invited him to pursue it : and he can truly say, that food and rest were not preferred before it.

6. Every psalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneasiness but the last; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the songs of Sion, he never expects to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass; they moved smoothly and swiftly along: for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but they have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind; and the remembrance of them is sweet.—HORNE.

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## LESSON XI.

### *The Glory of New England, her Free Schools.*

Extract from Judge Story's Discourse before the Essex Historical Society, September 18, 1828.

1. I KNOW not, my friends, what more munificent donation any government can bestow, than by providing instruction at the publick expense, not as a scheme of charity, but of municipal policy. If a private person deserves the applause of all good men, who founds a single hospital or college, how much more are they entitled to the appellation of publick benefactors, who by the side of every church, in every village, plant a school of letters. Other monuments of the art and genius of man may perish; but these from their very nature seem, as far as human foresight can go, absolutely immortal.

2. The triumphal arches of other days have fallen; the sculptured columns have crumbled into dust; the temples of taste and religion have sunk into decay; the pyramids themselves seem but mighty sepulchres hastening to the same oblivion to which the dead they cover long since passed. But here, every successive generation becomes a living memorial of our publick schools, and a living example of their excellence.

3. Never, never may this glorious institution be abandoned or betrayed by the weakness of its friends, or the power of its adversaries. It can scarcely be abandoned or betrayed, while New England remains free, and her representatives are true to their trust. It must for ever count in its defence a majority of all those, who ought to influence publick affairs by their virtues or their talents; for it must be, that here they first felt the divinity of knowledge stir within them.

4. What consolation can be higher, what reflection prouder,

than the thought, that in weal and in wo, our children are under the publick guardianship, and may here gather the fruits of that learning which ripens for eternity.

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## LESSON XII.

### *The Epitaph.*

1. HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;  
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
  2. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;  
He gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.
  3. No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;  
(There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.—GRAY.
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## LESSON XIII.

### *The Goodness of Providence.*

1. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wand'ring steps he leads:  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
4. Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.—ADDISON.

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#### LESSON XIV.

##### *The Thunder-storm.*

1. DEEP, fiery clouds o'er cast the sky,  
Dead stillness reigns in air ;  
There is not even a breeze, on high  
The gossamer to bear.
2. The woods are hushed, the waters rest,  
The lake is dark and still,  
Reflecting, on its shadowy breast,  
Each form of rock and hill.
3. The lime-leaf waves not in the grove,  
Nor rose-tree in the bower ;  
The birds have ceased their songs of love,  
Awed by the threatening hour.
4. 'Tis noon ; yet nature's calm profound  
Seems as at midnight deep ;  
But, hark ! what peal of awful sound  
Breaks on creation's sleep ?
5. The thunder bursts ! its rolling might  
Seems the firm hills to shake ;  
And, in terrific splendour bright,  
The gathered lightnings break.

6. Yet fear not, shrink not, thou, my child !  
     Though, by the bolt's descent,  
     Were the tall cliffs in ruins piled,  
     And the wide forests rent.
7. Doth not thy God behold thee still,  
     With all-surveying eye ?  
     Doth not his power all nature fill,  
     Around, beneath, on high ?
8. Know, hadst thou eagle-pinions, free  
     To track the realms of air,  
     Thou couldst not reach a spot where He  
     Would not be with thee there !
9. In the wide city's peopled towers,  
     On the vast ocean's plains,  
     'Mid the deep woodland's loneliest bowers,  
     Alike, the Almighty reigns !
10. Then fear not, though the angry sky  
     A thousand darts should cast :  
     Why should we tremble, e'en to die,  
     And be with Him at last ?—*MRS. HEMANS.*

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#### LESSON XV.

##### *A Suspicious Temper the Source of Misery to its Possessor.*

1. As a suspicious spirit is the source of many crimes and calamities in the world, so it is the spring of certain misery to the person who indulges it. His friends will be few; and small will be his comfort in those whom he possesses. Believing others to be his enemies, he will of course make them such. Let his caution be ever so great, the asperity of his thoughts will often break out in his behaviour; and in return for suspecting and hating, he will incur suspicion and hatred.

2. Besides the external evils which he draws upon himself, arising from alienated friendship, broken confidence, and open enmity, the suspicious temper itself is one of the worst evils which any man can suffer. If "in all fear there is torment," how miserable must be his state, who, by living in perpetual jealousy, lives in perpetual dread !

3. Looking upon himself to be surrounded with spies, enemies, and designing men, he is a stranger to reliance and trust. He knows not to whom to open himself. He dresses his countenance in forced smiles, while his heart throbs within from apprehensions of secret treachery. Hence, fretfulness and ill-humour, disgust at the world, and all the painful sensations of an irritated and imbittered mind.

4. So numerous and great are the evils arising from a suspicious disposition, that, of the two extremes, it is more eligible to expose ourselves to occasional disadvantage from thinking too well of others, than to suffer continual misery by thinking always ill of them. It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate, when, in order to secure it, we are obliged to be always clad in armour, and to live in perpetual hostility with our fellows.

5. This is, for the sake of living, to deprive ourselves of the comfort of life. The man of candour enjoys his situation, whatever it is, with cheerfulness and peace. Prudence directs his intercourse with the world; but no black suspicions haunt his hours of rest. Accustomed to view the characters of his neighbours in the most favourable light, he is like one who dwells amid those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure.

6. Whereas the suspicious man, having his imagination filled with all the shocking forms of human falsehood, deceit, and treachery, resembles the traveller in the wilderness, who discerns no objects around him but such as are either dreary or terrible; caverns that open, serpents that hiss, and beasts of prey that howl.—BLAIR,

## LESSON XVI.

### *Self-knowledge.*

1. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. Let us consider the difficulty, the advantages, and the means of forming a correct estimate of ourselves. The portions of our character, which is most concerns us to understand aright, are, the extent of our powers, and the motives of our conduct. But, on these subjects, every thing conspires to deceive us.

2. No man, in the first place, can come to the examination of himself with perfect impartiality. His wishes are all neces-

sarily engaged on his own side ; and, though he may place the weights in the balance with perfect fairness and accuracy, he places them in scales unequally adjusted. He is, at once, the criminal, the accuser, the advocate, the witness, and the judge.

3. Another difficulty, which prevents our passing a correct judgement on our own characters, is, that we can always find excuses for ourselves, which no other person can suspect. The idea of possessing an excuse, which it would be improper to communicate to others, is consolatory beyond expression.

4. Frivolous as the apology may be, it appears satisfactory, because, while no one knows its existence, no one can dispute its value. From repeated failures in any undertaking, few men learn their own incapacity ; because success depends upon such a concurrence of circumstances, minute as they are numerous, that it is much easier to lament the blameless omission of something, which would have ensured success, than to look full in the face our own deficiencies.

5. It is the same with the opinions we form of our moral worth. The motives, which co-operate in producing almost every action, are so various and almost imperceptible, that, in contemplating our conduct, we can select those that are honourable, and assign them that influence afterward, which they ought to have had before. By frequently defending, also, the purity of our motives, we learn, at last, to believe that they are precisely what they ought to be ; and mistake the eloquence of self-apology for the animation of conscious integrity.

6. Another, and very essential cause of our ignorance of ourselves, is, that few men venture to inform us of our real character. We are flattered, even from our cradles. The caresses of parents, and the blandishments of friends, transmute us into idols. A man must buffet long with the world, ere he learns to estimate himself according to his real importance in society. He is obliged to unlearn much of what he has been told by those, who, in flattering him, have long been used to flatter themselves.

7. And when, at last, he learns to compare himself with others, to correct his false estimates, and to acquiesce in the rank which society assigns him, he is assisted, not by the kind admonitions of friends, not by the instructions of those who take an affectionate interest in his character ; but he must gather it from the cold indifference of some, from the contempt and scorn of others ; he must be taught it by the bitterness of disappointment, and the rudeness of superiority, or the smiles of exulting malice.

8. This leads us to the last difficulty which we shall men-

tion, as preventing our forming a correct estimate of our own characters. We fondly imagine, that no one can know us as well as we know ourselves; and that every man is interested to depreciate, even when he knows the worth of another. Hence, when reproved, we cannot admit, that we have acted amiss.

9. It is much more easy to conclude, that we have been misrepresented by envy, or misunderstood by prejudice, than to believe in our ignorance, incapacity, or guilt. Nothing, also, more directly tends to swell into extravagance a man's opinion of his moral or intellectual worth, than to find, that his innocence has, in any instance, been falsely accused, or his powers inadequately estimated.

10. In short, unless a person has been long accustomed to compare himself with others, to scrutinize the motives of his conduct, to meditate on the occurrences of his life, to listen to, nay, even to court the admonitions of the wise and good, and to hearken to the language of calumny itself, he may pass through life intimate with every heart but that which beats in his own bosom, a stranger in no mansion so much as his own breast.—BUCKMINSTER.

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## LESSON XVII.

### *The Sleep of the Brave.*

1. How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blessed!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
2. By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!—COLLINS.

## LESSON XVIII.

*Home.*

1. **Where burns the loved hearth brightest,  
Cheering the social breast ?  
Where beats the fond heart lightest,  
Its humble hopes possessed ?  
Where is the smile of sadness,  
Of meek-eyed patience born,  
Worth more than those of gladness  
Which mirth's bright cheek adorn ?  
Pleasure is marked by fleetness,  
To those who ever roam ;  
While grief itself has sweetness  
At Home ! dear home !**
  
2. **There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joy's visits when most brief ;  
There eyes, in all their splendour,  
Are vocal to the heart,  
And glances, gay or tender,  
Fresh eloquence impart ;  
Then dost thou sigh for pleasure !  
Oh ! do not widely roam ;  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At Home ! dear home !**
  
3. **Does pure religion charm thee  
Far more than aught below ?  
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee  
Against the hour of woe ?  
Think not she dwelleth only  
In temples built for prayer ;  
For Home itself is lonely  
Unless her smiles be there ;  
The devotee may falter,  
The bigot blindly roam ;  
If worshipless her altar  
At Home ! dear home !**

4. Love over it presideth,  
 With meek and watchful awe,  
 Its daily service guideth,  
 And shows its perfect law ;  
 If there thy faith shall fail thee,  
 If there no shrine be found,  
 What can thy prayers avail thee,  
 With kneeling crowds around ?  
 Go ! leave thy gift unoffered  
 Beneath Religion's dome,  
 And be her first-fruits proffered  
 At Home ! dear home !

BERNARD BARTON.

## LESSON XIX.

### *The Liberty of the Press.*

1. WHERE the press is free and discussion unrestrained, the mind, by the collision of intercourse, gets rid of its own asperities, a sort of insensible perspiration takes place in the body politick, by which those acrimonies, which would otherwise fester and inflame, are quietly dissolved and dissipated. But now, if any aggregate assembly shall meet, they are censured ; if a printer publishes their resolutions he is punished. Rightly to be sure in both cases, for it has been lately done.

2. If the people say, let us not create tumult, but meet in delegation, they cannot do it ; if they are anxious to promote parliamentary reform in that way, they cannot do it ; the law of the last session has, for the first time, declared such meetings to be a crime. What then remains ? The liberty of the press ONLY ; that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy.

3. And what calamities are the people saved from by having publick communication left open to them ? I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from ; I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication.

4. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad ; the demagogue goes forth ; the publick eye is upon him ; he frets his busy hour upon the stage ; but soon, either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or

drives him off, and he appears no more. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward?

5. Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints.

6. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, have any slumber, the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by phrensy on the other, and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts.

7. But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution; you have it in that memorable period, when the monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly; when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot; when venal sheriffs returned packed juries to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many; when the devoted benches of publick justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness of sanity remained in them; but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terrou, and contagion, and abomination.

8. In that awful moment of a nation's travail; of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestick liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of state, that grand detector of publick imposture: guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown.—CURRAN.

LESSON XX.

*Wisdom.*

1. Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God.  
'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,  
Forgives, forbears, and suffers, not for fear  
Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said  
The world, is quick and deadly of resentment;  
Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,  
And hastes, by death, to wipe its honour clean.
2. Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,  
Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied  
The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace;  
Conditions spurns, and triumphs in their fall.  
Wisdom mistrusts itself, and leans on Heaven,  
Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,  
The world replied.
3. Wisdom retires, said God,  
And counts it bravery to bear reproach,  
And shame, and lowly poverty, upright;  
And weeps with all who have just cause to weep.  
Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze,  
'Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous foot,  
Attracts all praises, counts it bravery  
Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death;  
And never weeps, but for its own disgrace.
4. Wisdom, said God, is highest, when it stoops  
Lowest before the Holy Throne; throws down  
Its crown, abased; forgets itself, admires,  
And breathes adoring praise. There Wisdom stoops,  
Indeed, the world replied, there stoops, because  
It must, but stoops with dignity; and thinks  
And meditates the while of inward worth.—POLLOX

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LESSON XXI.

*Practical Religion.*

1. PRACTICAL religion confers upon its possessor a glorious triumph amid the sorrows of life. Suppose poverty comes

with its train of calamities ; or suppose detraction points its barbed arrows at a blameless character ; or suppose bereavement casts a withering shade over the best earthly hopes and joys ; or suppose disease, which mocks the highest efforts both of friendship and of skill, impress itself upon the countenance and make its lodgement in the very seat of life ; or suppose, if you please, that this whole tribe of evils come marching in fearful array to assail an individual at once, I am sure that I do not say too much for practical religion, when I declare to you, that it will enable its possessor to meet them all with serenity and triumph.

2. To do this must require a high effort of faith, I acknowledge ; but only such an effort has been exemplified in the experience of thousands. Oh ! when I have stood amid such scenes, and seen the bright beams of joy irradiate the countenance over which sorrow had thrown her deepest shades, just as the bow cast brilliant hues upon the dark cloud in the going down of the sun, I have looked upon religion as a bright angel come down from heaven to exercise a sovereign influence over human calamity ; and if I have formed a wish, or offered a prayer in respect to you at such a moment, it has been that this good angel may be your constant attendant through this vale of tears.—SPRAGUE.

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## LESSON XXII.

### *Rolla's Address to the Peruvians.*

1. My brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ? No ; *you* have judged as *I* have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as *mine* has, the motives, which in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and *ours*.

2. *They*, by a strange phrensy driven, fight for *power*, for *plunder*, and *extended rule* ; *we*, for our *country*, our *altars*, and our *homes*. *They* follow an adventurer whom they *fear*, and obey a power which they *hate* : *we* serve a *monarch* whom *we love*, a *God* whom *we adore*.

3. Whenever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress ! Whenever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship ! They boast they come but to improve our

state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes; *they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.

4. They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:

5. The *throne we* honour is the *people's choice*; the *laws we* reverence are our brave father's legacy; the *faith we* follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die in hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.—SHERIDAN.

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### LESSON XXIII.

#### *Genius.*

1. **THERE** is a certain charm about superiority of intellect, that winds into deep affections, which a much more constant and even amiability of mankind, in lesser men, often fails to reach. Genius makes many enemies, but it makes sure friends; friends who forgive much, who endure long, who exact little; they partake of the character of disciples as well as friends. There lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward, to revere: in this inclination lies the source of religion, of loyalty, and also of the worship and immortality which are rendered so cheerfully to the great of old. And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honours in others. We wed; we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate, and their life grows a part of our own.

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### LESSON XXIV.

#### *Ancient Babylon.*

1. **BABYLON** is often mentioned in the Bible, and is remarkable for having been the place where the Jews were so long

captives. It stood upon a large level plain, on the banks of the river Euphrates. Very little is said of its early history; nor is it certain who first built it; but it was Nebuchadnezzar who enlarged and beautified it, and made it the wonder of the whole earth.

2. The city was in the form of a square; each side of the square being fifteen miles in length, requiring sixty miles to go round it. It was surrounded with a deep and wide ditch, lined with bricks, and filled with water; and by walls, inside the ditch, three hundred and fifty feet in height, and eighty-seven in thickness. The walls were built of large bricks, cemented with bitumen, that is, a slimy substance found in that country.

3. To enter the city were one hundred gates, twenty-five on each side, all of solid brass. Between every two of these gates were three towers, raised ten feet higher than the wall; also four more at the four corners of this great square. From each of the gates ran a street, one hundred and fifty feet wide, in a straight line, to the gate opposite to it, on the other side of the city. The whole number of streets was fifty, besides four half streets on the inside of the walls, two hundred feet wide, and built only on one side, that is, the side opposite the walls.

4. These fifty streets crossing each other, and the half streets, at what are called right angles, cut the whole city into six hundred and seventy-six smaller squares, each of which would be about two miles and a quarter round. The houses were built on the sides of the squares only, and were three or four stories high, and beautified with all kinds of ornaments. The space within was left open, and laid out in gardens, or employed for other purposes of use and ornament.

5. The river Euphrates, or a branch of it, ran quite across the city, entering at the north side, and going out at the south, over which was a bridge, in the middle of the city, a furlong, or an eighth part of a mile long, and thirty feet wide. This bridge was built with wonderful art, because the bottom of the river was sandy, and did not furnish a good foundation for building on. At the east end of the bridge stood the old palace of Babylon, so large that it covered four of the squares above named; at the west stood the new palace, which was much larger still, and covered no fewer than nine squares.

6. The temple of Belus, which covered one entire square, stood next the old palace. A wall, like that which went round the city, was built on each side of the river, and massy brazen gates were also placed at the ends of the streets leading down to the river, which was crossed by boats. Cyrus, having

turned the river out of its channel, entered by these gates, which had been carelessly left open in the night, during a public festivity, and so took the city. This was when he set the Jews at liberty, and gave them leave to return to their own country.

7. The most wonderful works in Babylon were the walls already described; the temple of Belus; the new palace; the hanging gardens; and a prodigious artificial lake and canals for draining the river; of which we may, perhaps, say more in a future number.

Such, according to accounts, was ancient Babylon. It never was, and, perhaps, never will be, equalled in grandeur by any city upon earth.—MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

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## LESSON XXV.

### *The Poisoned Valley.*

1. At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on the 28th ultimo, considerable interest was excited by an extract from a letter of Mr. Alexander Loudon, communicated to the Society by John Barrow, Esq. The letter contains the account of a visit to a small valley in the island of Java, which is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying in very short space of time the life of a man, or any animal, exposed to its atmosphere.

2. It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java, and on the 4th of July, Mr. Loudon, with a party of friends, set out on a visit to it. It is known by the name of Guevo Upas, or Poisoned Valley, and, following a path which had been made for the purpose, they shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for the purpose of making experiments.

3. On arriving at the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen in the night, this was rendered more difficult, and occasioned much fatigue. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found.

4. The scene that now presented itself is described as of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty or thirty-five

feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion.

5. The ground on which they lay, at the bottom of the valley, appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapour was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through which it might escape, and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party, having lighted a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing.

6. A dog was now fastened at the end of a bamboo, and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes.

7. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half, and another which was thrown after it died in the space of a minute and a half.

8. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory.

9. Two hours were passed in this valley of death, and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who have been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley without their knowledge of the danger to which they were thus exposing themselves.

10. (The effects as here described are identical with those of the grotto del Cane, at Naples, and no doubt arise from the same cause. These seem more strange in an open valley; but the mephitick air at the grotto is so heavy, that you may stand upright without inconvenience, as it rises but a few inches above the surface.)

## LESSON XXVI.

*Falls of the Montmorency.*

1. THE Montmorency empties itself at the distance of about eight miles northeast of Quebec, into the great river St. Lawrence, to the coast of which it gradually descends from the elevated mountain on which it has its source. At a station called La Motte, situated on the northern extremity of a sloping ground, its waters diffuse themselves into shallow currents, interrupted by rocks which break them into foam, and accompanied by murmuring sounds which enliven the solitude and solemn stillness prevailing throughout the surrounding forests and desolate hills. Farther down, its channel is bounded by precipitous rocks, its breadth becoming extremely contracted and the rapidity of its current proportionably augmented.

2. At a place called "the natural steps," there are several beautiful cascades of ten or twelve feet. These steps, which are extremely regular, have been gradually formed by the accession of waters the river receives in its progress, at the breaking up of winter, by the melting of the snows. From the middle of April to the end of May, its waters roll with increasing height and rapidity. Being powerfully impelled in their course, they insinuate themselves between the strata of the horizontal rock, vast fragments of which are detached by the rushing violence of the sweeping torrent.

3. On the eastern side, the bank, which is almost perpendicular, and fifty feet high, is surmounted by lofty trees. The southwest bank rises beyond the steps, and terminates in a precipice. On the opposite side, the bank is regular, and of a singular shape, resembling the ruin of an elevated wall. The trees by which the banks are enclosed, united with the effect produced by the foaming currents, and the scattered masses of stone, form a scene wild and picturesque. The stream now taking a southern direction, is augmented in its velocity, and forms a grand cascade interrupted by huge rocks. A quarter of a mile farther down a similar effect is produced.

4. After exhibiting an agreeable variety through its course, the river is precipitated, in an almost perpendicular direction, over a rock two hundred and fifty feet in height. Wherever it touches the rock it falls in white clouds of rolling foam; and, beneath, where it is propelled with uninterrupted gravitation, it forms numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are grad-

ually protracted in the descent, until they are received into the boiling profound abyss beneath.

5. The effect from the summit of the cliff is awfully grand, and truly sublime. The prodigious depth of the descent of the waters of this surprising fall; the brightness and volubility of their course; the swiftness of their movement through the air; and the loud and hollow noise emitted from the basin, swelling with incessant agitation from the weight of the dashing waters, forcibly combine to attract the attention, and to impress the mind of the spectator with sentiments of grandeur and elevation.

6. The clouds of rising vapour, which assume the prismatic colours, contribute to enliven the scene. They fly off from the fall in the form of a revolving sphere, emitting with velocity pointed flakes of spray, which spread in receding, until they are interrupted by the neighbouring banks, or dissolved in the atmosphere.

7. The breadth of the fall is one hundred feet; and the basin, which is bounded by steep cliffs, forms an angle of forty-five degrees. When viewed from the beach, the cataract is seen, with resplendent beauty, to flow down the gloomy precipice, the summit of which is crowned with woods. The diffusion of the stream, to the breadth of fifteen hundred feet, and the various small cascades produced by the inequalities of its rocky bed, on its way to the river St. Lawrence, display a very singular and pleasing combination.—MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

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## LESSON XXVII.

### *The Elder's Funeral.*

1. How beautiful to the eye and to the heart rise up, in a pastoral region, the green, silent hills from the dissolving snow-wreaths that yet linger at their feet! A few warm, sunny days, and a few breezy and melting nights, have seemed to create the sweet season of spring out of the winter's bleakest desolation. We can scarcely believe that such brightness of verdure could have been shrouded in the snow, blending itself, as it now does, so vividly with the deep blue of heaven. With the revival of nature, our own souls feel restored. Happiness becomes milder, meeker, and richer in pensive thought; while sorrow catches a faint tinge of joy, and reposes itself on the quietness of earth's opening breast. Then is youth re-

joicing, manhood sedate, and old age resigned. The child shakes his golden curls in his glee; he of riper life hails the coming year with temperate exultation, and the eye, that has been touched with dimness, in the general spirit of delight, forgets or fears not the shadows of the grave.

2. On such a vernal day as this did we, who had visited the Elder on his death-bed, walk together to his house in the Hazel-glen, to accompany his body to the place of burial. On the night he died, it seemed to be the dead of winter. On the day he was buried, it seemed to be the birth of spring. The old pastor and I were alone for awhile, as we pursued our path up the glen, by the banks of the little burn. It had cleared itself off from the melted snow, and ran so pellucid a race, that every stone and pebble was visible in its yellow channel. The willows, the alders, and the birches, the fairest and the earliest of our native hill trees, seemed almost tinged with a verdant light, as if they were budding; and beneath them, here and there, peeped out, as in the pleasure of new existence, the primrose, lonely, or in little families and flocks. The bee had not yet ventured to leave his cell, yet the flowers reminded one of his murmur. A few insects were dancing in the air, and here and there some little moorland bird, touched at the heart with the warm, sunny change, was piping his love-sweet song among the braes.

3. It was just such a day as a grave, meditative man, like him we were about to inter, would have chosen to walk over his farm in religious contentment with his lot. That was the thought that entered the pastor's heart, as we paused to enjoy one brighter gleam of the sun in a little meadow-field of peculiar beauty. "This is the last day of the week, and on that day often did the Elder walk through this little happy kingdom of his own, with some of his grandchildren beside and around him, and often his Bible in his hand. It is, you feel, a solitary place; all the vale is one seclusion; and often have its quiet bounds been a place of undisturbed meditation and prayer."

4. We now came in sight of the cottage, and beyond it the termination of the glen. There the high hills came sloping gently down; and a little waterfall, in the distance, gave animation to a scene of perfect repose. We were now joined by various small parties coming to the funeral through openings among the hills; all sedate, but none sad, and every greeting was that of kindness and peace. The Elder had died full of years; and there was no need why any out of his own household should weep. A long life of piety had been beautifully closed; and, therefore, we were all going to commit the body to the earth,

assured, as far as human beings may be so assured, that the soul was in heaven. As the party increased on our approach to the house, there was even cheerfulness among us. We spoke of the early and bright promise of spring; of the sorrows and the joys of other families; of marriages and births; of the new schoolmaster; of to-morrow's Sabbath. There was no topic, of which, on any common occasion, it might have been fitting to speak, that did not now perhaps occupy, for a few moments, some one or other of the group, till we found ourselves ascending the green sward before the cottage, and stood before the bare branches of the sycamores. Then we were all silent, and, after a short pause, reverently entered into the house of death.

5. At the door, the son received us with a calm, humble, and untroubled face; and, in his manner toward the old minister, there was something that could not be misunderstood, expressing penitence, gratitude, and resignation. We all sat down in the large kitchen; and the son decently received each person at the door, and showed him to his place. There were some old, gray heads, more becoming gray, and many bright in manhood and youth. But the same solemn hush was over them all; and they sat all bound together in one uniting and assimilating spirit of devotion and faith. Wine and bread were to be sent round; but the son looked to the old minister, who rose, lifted up his withered hand, and began a blessing and a prayer.

6. There was so much composure and stillness in the old man's attitude, and something so affecting in his voice, tremulous and broken, not in grief but age, that, no sooner had he begun to pray, than every heart and every breath at once was hushed. All stood motionless, nor could one eye abstain from that placid and patriarchal countenance, with its closed eyes, and long, silvery hair. There was nothing sad in his words, but they were all humble and solemn, and at times even joyful in the kindling spirit of piety and faith. He spoke of the dead man's goodness as imperfect in the eyes of his Great Judge, but such as, we were taught, might lead, through intercession, to the kingdom of heaven. Might the blessing of God, he prayed, which had so long rested on the head now confined, not forsake that of him who was now to be the father of this house. There was more joy, we were told, in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance. Fervently, too, and tenderly, did the old man pray for her, in her silent chamber, who had lost so kind a parent, and for all the little children round her

knees. Nor did he end his prayer without some allusion to his own gray hairs, and to the approaching day on which many then present would attend his burial.

7. Just as he ceased to speak, one solitary, stifled sob was heard, and all eyes turned kindly round to a little boy who was standing by the side of the Elder's son. Restored once more to his own father's love, his heart had been insensibly filled with peace since the old man's death. The returning tenderness of the living came in place of that of the dead, and the child yearned toward his father now with a stronger affection, relieved, at last, from all his fear. He had been suffered to sit an hour each day beside the bed on which his grandfather lay shrouded, and he had got reconciled to the cold, but silent and happy looks of death. His mother and his Bible told him to obey God, without repining, in all things; and the child did so with perfect simplicity. One sob had found its way at the close of that pathetick prayer; but the tears that bathed his glistening cheeks were far different from those that, on the day and night of his grandfather's decease, had burst from the agony of a breaking heart. The old minister laid his hand silently upon his golden head; there was a momentary murmur of kindness and pity over the room; the child was pacified; and again all was repose and peace.

8. A sober voice said that all was ready, and the son and the minister led the way reverently out into the open air. The bier stood before the door, and was lifted slowly up with its sable pall. Silently each mourner took his place. The sun was shining pleasantly, and a gentle breeze, passing through the sycamores, shook down the glittering rain-drops upon the funeral velvet. The small procession, with an instinctive spirit, began to move along; and as I cast up my eyes to take a farewell look of that beautiful dwelling, now finally left by him who so long had blessed it, I saw, at the half open lattice of the little bed-room window above, the pale, weeping face of that stainless matron, who was taking her last passionate farewell of the mortal remains of her father, now slowly reseeded from her to the quiet field of graves.

9. We proceeded along the edges of the hills, and along the meadow-fields, crossed the old wooden bridge over the burn, now widening in its course to the plain; and in an hour of pen-sive silence, or pleasant talk, we found ourselves entering, in a closer body, the little gateway of the church-yard. To the tolling of the bell we moved across the green mounds, and arranged ourselves, according to the plan and order which our feelings suggested, around the bier and its natural supporters.

There was no delay. In a few minutes the Elder was laid among the mould of his forefathers, in their long-ago chosen spot of rest. One by one the people dropped away, and none were left by the new-made grave but the son and his little boy, the pastor and myself. As yet nothing was said, and in that pause I looked around me, over the sweet burial ground.

10. Each tombstone and grave, over which I had often walked in boyhood, arose in my memory as I looked steadfastly upon their long-forgotten inscriptions; and many had since then been erected. The whole character of the place was still simple and unostentatious; but, from the abodes of the dead, I could see that there had been an improvement in the condition of the living. There was a taste visible in their decorations, not without much of native feeling, and, occasionally, something even of native grace. If there was any other inscription than the name and age of the poor inhabitants below, it was, in general, some short text of Scripture; for it is most pleasant and soothing to the pious mind, when bereaved of friends, to commemorate them on earth by some touching expression taken from that Book, which reveals to them a life in heaven.

11. There is a sort of gradation, a scale of forgetfulness, in a country church-yard, where the processes of nature are suffered to go on over the green place of burial; that is extremely affecting in the contemplation. The soul goes, from the grave just covered up to that which seems scarcely joined together, on and on to those folded and bound by the undisturbed verdure of many, many unremembered years. It then glides at last into nooks and corners where the ground seems perfectly calm and waveless, utter oblivion having smoothed the earth over the long mouldered bones. Tombstones, on which the inscriptions are hidden in green obliteration, or that are mouldering, or falling to a side, are close to others which last week were brushed by the chisel: constant renovation and constant decay, vain attempts to adhere to memory, and oblivion now baffled, and now triumphant, smiling among all the memorials of human affection, as they keep continually crumbling away into the world of undistinguishable dust and ashes.

12. The church-yard, to the inhabitants of a rural parish, is the place to which, as they grow older, all their thoughts and feelings turn. The young take a look of it every Sabbath-day, not always perhaps a careless look, but carry away from it, unconsciously, many salutary impressions. What is more pleasant than the meeting of a rural congregation in the church-yard before the minister appears? What is there to shudder at in lying down, sooner or later, in such a peaceful and sacred

place, to be spoken of frequently on Sabbath among the groups of which we used to be one, and our low burial-spot to be visited, at such times, as long as there remains on earth any one to whom our face was dear! To those who mix in the strife and dangers of the world, the place is felt to be uncertain wherein they may finally lie at rest. The soldier, the sailor, the traveller, can only see some dim grave dug for him, when he dies, in some place obscure, nameless, and unfixed to imagination. All he feels is, that his burial will be, on earth or in the sea. But the peaceful dwellers, who cultivate their paternal acres, or tilling at least the same small spot of soil, shift only from a cottage on the hillside to one on the plain, still within the bounds of one quiet parish; they look to lay their bones, at last, in the burial place of the kirk in which they were baptized, and with them it almost literally is but a step from the cradle to the grave.

13. Such were the thoughts that calmly followed each other in my revery, as I stood beside the Elder's grave, and the trodden grass was again lifting up its blades from the pressure of many feet, now all but a few departed. What a simple burial had it been! Dust was consigned to dust; no more. Bare, naked, simple, and austere, is, in Scotland, the service of the grave. It is left to the soul itself to consecrate, by its passion, the mould over which tears, but no words, are poured. Surely there is a beauty in this; for the heart is left unto its own sorrow, according as it is a friend, a brother, a parent, or a child, that is covered up from our eyes. Yet call not other rites, however different from this, less beautiful or pathetick. For willingly does the soul connect its grief with any consecrated ritual of the dead. Sound or silence, musick, hymns, psalms, sable garments, or raiment white as snow, all become holy symbols of the soul's affection; nor is it for any man to say which is the most natural, which is the best of the thousand shows, and expressions, and testimonies of sorrow, resignation and love, by which mortal beings would seek to express their souls, when one of their brethren has returned to his parent dust.

14. My mind was recalled from all these sad, yet not unpleasant fancies, by a deep groan, and I beheld the Elder's son fling himself down upon the grave, and kiss it passionately, imploring pardon from God. "I distressed my father's heart in his old age; I repented, and received thy forgiveness even on thy death bed! But how may I be assured that God will forgive me for having so sinned against my old, gray-headed father, when his limbs were weak and his eye-sight dim!" The old minister stood at the head of the grave, without speak-

ing a word, with his solemn and pitiful eyes fixed upon the prostrate and contrite man. His sin had been great, and tears, that till now had, on this day at least, been compressed within his heart by the presence of so many of his friends, now poured down upon the sod as if they would have found their way to the very body of his father. Neither of us offered to lift him up, for we felt awed by the rueful passion of his love, his remorse and his penitence; and nature, we felt, ought to have her way. "Fear not, my son," at length said the old man, in a gentle voice, "fear not, my son, but that you are already forgiven. Dost thou not feel pardon within thy contrite spirit?" He rose up from his knees with a faint smile, while the minister, with his white head yet uncovered, held his hands over him as in benediction; and that beautiful and loving child, who had been standing in a fit of weeping terror at his father's agony, now came up to him, and kissed his cheek; holding in his little hand a few faded primroses, which he had unconsciously gathered together as they lay on the turf of his grandfather's grave.—WILSON.

## LESSON XXVIII.

### *On the Death of a Brother.*

1. I had a brother once, but now have none!  
 He loved me with a childish fondness; and oft  
 To me, as I returned after a short absence  
 From that paternal roof that sheltered both  
 Our infant years, would he extend the hand  
 Of strong affection, and look endearment.  
 And when the cruel year had come, that called  
 Me far away from that abode, and bade  
 Me seek another home, he said 'farewell';  
 'Yet a little while and we shall see you again.'  
 I as fondly hoped, ah! delusive hope!
- \* \* \* \* \*
2. The grave conceals him. On this side the grave  
 I no more shall see him. Should Providence  
 Permit, and I should visit yet once more  
 My loved, native spot of earth, mementoes  
 Sad, where once he smiled, shall thicken  
 Round me. At the table I shall seek him,

But he'll not be there ! and by the fireside,  
 But shall not find him ! at the family  
 Altar ; but no ! where he was early taught  
 To pray, his knees shall bend no more ! at church,  
 Where hand in hand we walked, but where he sat  
 Another sits, and listens to the Word of life,  
 Which I had hoped would ere long enlist  
 His infant thought, and imbue his tender mind.  
 In the field, where his sportive feet were wont  
 To chase the butterfly, I shall walk alone.  
 Ye beautiful of wing, fly on, and light  
 On every flower, and rest, and sip its sw<sup>e</sup>ets ;  
 His busy hand shall not disturb your rest,  
 Nor his foot shake the flower on which ye sit ;  
 Ye need not fear.

3. Oh, death ! why, cruel monster,  
 Didst thou seize on one so young, so active,  
 And so full of hope ? Why wreak thy vengeance  
 On this bud of genius, unopened yet  
 By the ripening hand of time, but opening  
 Fast, unfolding seeds of promise ? Why pass  
 Unfriendly by whom all other friends forsake,  
 Misfortune's child, the aged, racked with pain,  
 And the weary of life, to blight one  
 Who was his parents' hope, a brother's pride ?  
 Why pass by me, on whom the world has frowned  
 Too long, for whom the world has lost its charms,  
 And ruthless slay this heir of better hopes,  
 In whose morning prospect lowered no cloud,  
 Unstamped with the bow of promise ?

4. Be silent, pride, 'tis right, 'tis God directs ;  
 Unerring wisdom guides his deep designs :  
 Then cease, my soul, to murmur, cease to mourn,  
 The remnant of thy days devote to Him  
 Who gave, and took but what he gave ; to Him  
 Who is thy life, thy hope, and thy reward ;  
 And till those days are numbered, patient wait  
 Thy own great change : then be thy work finished,  
 Thy last foe subdued, and thou, triumphant  
 In redeeming grace, prepared to soar  
 Above the world of sin, and pain, and death, to that  
 Where friends shall meet, and friendship cease no more !

AMERICAN ATHENÆUM

## LESSON XXIX.

*Grandeur and Moral Interest of American Antiquities.*

1. You will expect me to say something of the lonely records of the former races that inhabited this country. That there has, formerly, been a much more numerous population than exists here at present, I am fully impressed, from the result of my own personal observations. From the highest points of the Ohio, to where I am now writing, and far up the upper Mississippi and Missouri, the more the country is explored and peopled, and the more its surface is penetrated, not only are there more mounds brought to view, but more incontestable marks of a numerous population.

2. Wells, artificially walled, different structures of convenience or defence, have been found in such numbers, as no longer to excite curiosity. Ornaments of silver and of copper, pottery, of which I have seen numberless specimens on all these waters; not to mention the mounds themselves, and the still more tangible evidence of human bodies found in a state of preservation, and of sepulchres full of bones; are unquestionable demonstrations, that this country was once possessed of a numerous population. \* \* \* The mounds themselves, though of earth, are not those rude and shapeless heaps, that they have been commonly represented to be. I have seen, for instance, in different parts of the Atlantick country, the breast-works and other defences of earth, that were thrown up by our people during the war of the revolution. None of those monuments date back more than fifty years. These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time.

3. From the ages of the trees on them, and from other data, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend farther into the depths of time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high. All of them are, incomparably, more conspicuous monuments than the works which I just noticed. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, a hundred. Though diverse, in position and form, they all have a uniform character.

4. They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very

large trees. But, in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and generally near benches; which indicate the former courses of the rivers, in the finest situations for present culture; and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions, where the most dense future population will be. \* \* \*

5. The English, when they sneer at our country, speak of it as sterile in moral interest. "It has," say they, "no monuments, no ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no castles, no mouldering abbeys, no baronial towers and dungeons; nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past; no recollections of former ages, to associate the past with the future."

6. But I have been attempting sketches of the largest and most fertile valley in the world, larger, in fact, than half of Europe, all its remotest points being brought into proximity by a stream, which runs the length of that continent, and to which all but two or three of the rivers of Europe are but rivulets. Its forests make a respectable figure, even placed beside Blenheim park.

7. We have lakes which could find a place for the Cumberland lakes in the hollow of one of their islands. We have prairies, which have struck me as among the sublimest prospects in nature. There we see the sun rising over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens, in all directions, touches and mingles with the verdure of the flowers. It is, to me, a view far more glorious than that on which the sun rises over a barren and angry waste of sea. The one is soft, cheerful, associated with life, and requires an easier effort of the imagination to travel beyond the eye. The other is grand, but dreary, desolate, and always ready to destroy.

8. In the most pleasing positions of these prairies, we have our Indian mounds, which proudly rise above the plain. At first the eye mistakes them for hills; but, when it catches the regularity of their breast-works and ditches, it discovers, at once, that they are the labours of art and of men.

9. When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses; when you dig about them, and bring to light their domestick utensils; and are compelled to believe, that the busy tide of life once flowed here; when you see, at once, that these races were of a very different character from the present generation; you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any, the faintest, records can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age.

10. Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagina-

tion, and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie, over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us, that they did to those generations that have passed away.

11. It is true, we have little reason to suppose, that they were the guilty dens of petty tyrants, who let loose their half savage vassals to burn, plunder, enslave, and despoil an adjoining den. There are no remains of the vast and useless monasteries, where ignorant and lazy monks dreamed over their lusts, or meditated their vile plans of acquisition and imposture.

12. Here must have been a race of men, on these charming plains, that had every call from the scenes that surrounded them, to contented existence and tranquil meditation. Unfortunate, as men view the thing, they must have been. Innocent and peaceful they probably were; for, had they been reared amid wars and quarrels, like the present Indians, they would, doubtless, have maintained their ground, and their posterity would have remained to this day. Beside them moulder the huge bones of their contemporary beasts, which must have been of thrice the size of the elephant.

13. I cannot judge of the recollections excited by castles and towers that I have not seen. But I have seen all of grandeur, which our cities can display. I have seen, too, these lonely tombs of the desert; seen them rise from these boundless and unpeopled plains. My imagination and my heart have been full of the past. The nothingness of the brief dream of human life has forced itself upon my mind. The unknown race, to which these bones belonged, had, I doubt not, as many projects of ambition, and hoped, as sanguinely, to have their names survive, as the great ones of the present day.—T. FLINT.

## LESSON XXX.

*The Importance of a Good Education.*

1. I CONSIDER a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it.

2. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

3. If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it.

4. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hidden and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. I am, therefore, much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

5. Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner?

6. What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon

the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this; and deny them that, which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

7. It is, therefore, an unspeakable blessing, to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed that there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection.

8. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.  
—ADDISON.

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## LESSON XXXI.

### *A Sister's Love.*

1. THERE is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its developements; so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can surpass it.

2. The world may revolve, and its evolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy.

3. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence.

4. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother.

5. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not at all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependant upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities.

6. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its out-pourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.—ANONYMOUS.

## LESSON XXXII.

### *On Happiness.*

1. THE great pursuit of man is after happiness; it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of his life he searches for it as for hidden treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes; and, though perpetually disappointed, still persists—runs after and inquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, “Who will show him any good;”—who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes.

2. He is told by one to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life; in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks.

3. A second, with a graver aspect, points out to him the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected; tells the inquirer that the object he is in search of inhabits there; that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state. That he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

4. The miser wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same

roof;—that, if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwelling of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour.

5. That it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness; but that it is the keeping it together, and the *having* and *holding* it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

6. The epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet, at the same time, he plunges him, if possible, into a greater; for, hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses, he sends the inquirer there; tells him it is in vain to search elsewhere for it, than where nature herself has placed it, in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end: and, in a word, if he will not take his opinion in the matter, he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us, that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour—for that is his portion.

7. To rescue him from this brutal experiment, ambition takes him by the hand and carries him into the world; shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them; points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour; lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks if there be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed.

8. To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of his pursuits—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is gone far out of his way:—that this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude, far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he first set out.

9. In this circle, too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—not knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments, or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapa-

city of his own nature, or the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

10. There is hardly any subject more exhausted, or which, at one time or other, has afforded more matter for argument and declamation than this one, of the insufficiency of our enjoyments. Scarce a reformed sensualist, from Solomon down to our own days, who has not in some fits of repentance or disappointment, uttered some sharp reflection upon the emptiness of human pleasure, and of the vanity of vanities which discovers itself in all the pursuits of mortal man.

11. And though in our pilgrimage through this world, some of us may be so fortunate as to meet with some clear fountains by the way, that may cool for a few moments the heat of this great thirst of happiness; yet our Saviour, who knew the world, though he enjoyed but little of it, tells us, that whosoever drinketh of this water will thirst again; and we will find by experience it is so, and by reason, that it always must be so.—STERNE.

### LESSON XXXIII.

#### *Liberty and Slavery.*

1. **DISGUISE** thyself as thou wilt, still slavery!—still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.

2. It is thou, Liberty!—thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in publick or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymick power turn thy sceptre into iron.

3. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

4. Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

5. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and

the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive; and having shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

6. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood.

7. He had seen no sun, no moon in all that time, nor had the voice of a friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children; but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of his portrait.

8. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there.

9. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction.

10. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears. I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—STERNE.

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#### LESSON XXXIV.

##### *May Morning.*

1. BEAUTIFULLY broke forth the clear, bright sun, and balmy was the breath of "incense-breathing morn," which welcomed the coming of this queen of the months. The blue sky seemed to smile, and the early birds were loud with their salutations. Nature, by a thousand cheerful sights and a thousand sweet sounds, testified her rejoicing, and the earth had decked her bosom with the first little flowers and budding greens for the steps of her lovely visiter.

2. But what was all this to one imprisoned within the dark chambers of the city; where the early hum of human traffick

it towns the melody of nature's hymns, and the high piles of brick shut from sight the azure heavens and the rainbow clouds! Man learns to sleep over the tokens of reviving spring, hardened to its holy serenity by the bustling avocations of ambition and gain.

3. But childhood yet feels its native sympathy with the young year, and owns its influence, and loves to go forth with the glad birds and the infant flowers. It was the voice of children cheerfully preparing for their May-morning stroll, which broke my slumbers. The sun, just risen, poured a tranquil light abroad, and I sprung from my couch resolved once more to be a child, and taste the pleasures of spring-time in the fields.

4. I soon passed the streets and the bridge, and was fairly in the country. I breathed a fresher air, I trod with a freer step; I was in the domains of nature once more, escaped from the confinement of man's invention, and the crowd of man's works; I saw nothing around me but the works of God, and the light and peace which he sheds upon the world that he loves—loves and blesses in spite of its sins.

5. I looked upward, and, in letters of living light, the heavens spread before me his love. I looked around, and I saw it in the swelling blossoms, in the budding branches, in the springing carpet of green. It came to my ear in the glad melody of the birds, and in the heart-felt accents of delight which burst from the groups of happy and active children.

6. I felt it in every breath I drew, laden with the morning fragrance, which is sweeter than all perfume, and wafts health and pleasure on its wing. It all has but one Author, I exclaimed, and he is love.

7. It is His spirit which breathes in the gale, and lives in all these signs of joy and life.

"Thy footsteps imprint the morning hills,  
Thy voice is heard in the musick of rills,  
In the song of birds, and the heavenly chorus  
That nature utters around us, o'er us.  
In every thing thy glory beameth;  
From every thing thy witness streameth."

8. And so it has been from the beginning: "He has never left himself without witness;" and what more delightful witness than these days, in which "he renews the face of the earth?" It seems like the freshness and purity of an original creation. I was ready to say with Buchanan, in his beautiful

hymn, on such a morning as this it was that the new created world sprung up at God's command.

9. This is the air of holy tranquillity which was then upon all things; this the clear and fragrant breath that passed over the smiling gardens of Eden; this the same sweet light that then shot down from the new-born sun, and diffused a gentle rapture over the face of nature, and through the frame of living things.

10. And such, too, shall be the aspect of that morning which ushers in the spring-time of heaven's eternal year: such the serenity and glory of that day which shall call forth to renewed existence, not the plants and flowers from a temporary death, but the spirits of immortal men; and shall roll through earth and heaven, not the musick of an earthly spring-time, but the rapturous anthems of the ransomed children of God, rising to the birth of the everlasting year.

11. Hail, then, all hail, thou fair morning of this fairest of the months!—emblem of the fairer morning that yet shall be; memorial of the nativity of earth; image of God's ever-present love; pledge of an everlasting year! Thou shalt pass away, beautiful as thou art, and thy blossoms and pleasures perish. The hot summer shall scorch them, and the stormy winter bury them beneath his snows. But that glorious spring-time, which shall revive the being of man, shall never fade. The soul shall blossom and flourish for ever in the garden of God. His spirit breathes there a perpetual balm, and the sunshine of his countenance knows no variableness nor shadow of change.

12. Roll on ye tardy seasons; accomplish your appointed periods, and introduce that unfading May. Ye may change, but ye bring on that which cannot change. Ye may waft to me sorrows and disappointments as ye fly, but ye are fast bearing me where sorrow and disappointment cannot come. And I will welcome even the winter of death, since it shall be followed by the spring of heaven.—H. WARE, Jr.

## LESSON XXXV.

### *The Happy Man.*

1. How happy is he born or taught,  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill;

2. Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of princes' ear, or vulgar breath :
  3. Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great :
  4. Who envies none whom chance doth raise,  
Or vice : who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :
  5. Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend.
  6. This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.
- SIR HENRY WOTTON

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### LESSON XXXVI.

#### *Women Polish and Improve Society.*

1. Among the innumerable ties by which mankind are drawn and held together, may be fairly reckoned that love of praise, which perhaps is the earliest passion of human beings. It is wonderful how soon children begin to look out for notice, and for consequence.

2. To attract mutual regards by mutual services, is one chief aim, and one important operation, of a principle, which I should be sorry to think that any of you had outlived. No sooner do the social affections unfold themselves, than youth appear ambitious to deserve the approbation of those around them. Their desires of this kind are more lively, as their dispositions are more ingenious.

3. Of those boys who discover the greatest ardour to obtain,

by their capacity, their spirit, or their generosity, the esteem of their companions, it may be commonly observed, that they shoot up into the most valuable characters.

4. Eagerness for the admiration of school-fellows and others, without distinction of sex, is felt at first; but when, in process of time, the bosom becomes sensible to that distinction, it begins to beat with a peculiar anxiety to please the female part of your acquaintance. The smiles, the applause, the attachment of young women, you now consider as conferring felicity of a more interesting nature; and to secure such happiness, is from henceforth an object that incites and influences you on a thousand occasions.

5. By an increasing susceptibility to the attractions of the softer sex, you are carried more and more into their company: and there, my brothers, your hearts and manners, your tastes and pursuits, receive very often a direction that remains ever after, and that will probably decide your destiny through the whole of your existence.

6. I am aware, indeed, that to underrate their importance, and cultivate their commerce only as subservient to convenience, amusement, or voluptuousness, is common among the ignorant, the petulant, and the profligate of our sex; but, happy as I have been in the conversation of many worthy and accomplished persons of the other, I would willingly, if possible, prevent your adopting a system alike ungenerous and false.

7. It is certain, that savages, and those who are but little removed from their condition, have seldom behaved to women with much respect or tenderness. On the other hand, it is known, that in civilized nations they have ever been objects of both: that, in the most heroick states of antiquity, their judgement was often honoured as the standard, and their suffrages often sought as the reward of merit.

8. And though in those states the allurements of feminine softness was perhaps not always sufficiently understood, owing probably to that passion for public interest, and extensive fame, which seems to have overpowered all other emotions; it must yet be acknowledged, that the ladies of ancient days frequently possessed a wonderful influence in what concerned the political welfare, and private affections, of the people to whom they belonged.

9. But say, my friends, does it not reflect some lustre on the fair sex, that their talents and virtues have still been most revered in periods of the greatest renown? And tell me, I beseech you, what age or country, distinguished in the annals of fame, has not received a part of that distinction from the

numbers of women whom it produced, conspicuous for their virtues and their talents?

10. Look at this, in which you live, does it not derive a very considerable share of its reputation from the female pens that eminently adorn it? Look into the history of the world at large; do you not find, that the female sex have, in a variety of ways, contributed largely to many of its most important events?

11. Look into the great machine of society, as it moves before you: do you not perceive that they are still among its principal springs? Do not their characters and manners deeply affect the passions of men, the interests of education, and those domestick scenes where so much of life is past, and with which its happiness or misery is so intimately blended?

12. Consult your own experience, and confess whether you are not touched by almost every thing they do or say, or look; confess whether their very foibles and follies do not often interest, and sometimes please you?

13. There cannot, I am persuaded, be many worse symptoms of degeneracy, in an enlightened age, than a growing indifference about the regards of reputable women, and a fashionable propensity to lessen the sex in general.

14. Where this is the case, the decencies of life, the softness of love, the sweets of friendship, the nameless tender charities that pervade and unite the most virtuous form of cultivated society, are not likely to be held in high estimation; and when these fall into contempt, what is there left to polish, humanize, or delight mankind?—FORDYCE,

## LESSON XXXVII.

### *The Wonders of Nature.*

1. How mighty! how majestick! and how mysterious are nature's works! When the air is calm, where sleep the stormy winds? In what chambers are they reposed, or in what dungeons confined? But when He, "who holds them in his fist," is pleased to awaken their rage, and throw open their prison doors, then, with irresistible impetuosity, they rush forth, scattering dread, and menacing destruction.

2. The atmosphere is hurled into the most tumultuous confusion. The aerial torrent bursts its way over mountains, seas, and continent. All things feel the dreadful shock. All things

tremble before the furious blast. The forest, vexed and torn, groans under the scourge.

3. Her sturdy sons are strained to the very root, and almost sweep the soil they were wont to shade. The stubborn oak, that disdains to bend, is dashed headlong to the ground; and, with shattered arms, with prostrate trunk, blocks up the road. While the flexile reed, that springs up in the marsh, yielding to the gust, (as the meek and pliant temper to injuries, or the resigned and patient spirit to misfortunes,) eludes the force of the storm, and survives amid the wide-spread havoc.

4. For a moment, the turbulent and outrageous sky seems to be assuaged; but it intermits its warmth, only to increase its strength. Soon the sounding squadrons of the air return to the attack, and renew their ravages with redoubled fury. The stately dome rocks amid the wheeling clouds. The impregnable tower totters on its basis, and threatens to overwhelm whom it was intended to protect.

5. The ragged rocks are rent in pieces; and even the hills, the perpetual hills, on their deep foundations are scarcely secure. Where now is the place of safety, when the city reels, and houses become heaps? Sleep affrighted flies. Diversion is turned into horror. All is uproar in the elements; all is consternation among mortals; and nothing but one wide scene of rueful devastation through the land.

6. The ocean swells with tremendous commotions. The ponderous waves are heaved from their capacious bed, and almost lay bare the unfathomable deep. Flung into the most rapid agitation, they sweep over the rocks; they lash the lofty cliffs, and toss themselves into the clouds.

7. Navies are rent from their anchors; and, with all their enormous load, are whirled swift as the arrow, wild as the winds, along the vast abyss. Now they climb the rolling mountain; they plough the frightful ridge, and seem to skim the skies. Anon they plunge into the opening gulf; they lose the sight of day, and are lost themselves to every eye.

8. How vain is the pilot's art; how impotent the mariner's strength! "They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man." Despair is in every face, and death sits threatening on every surge. But when Omnipotence pleases to command, the storm is hushed to silence; the lightnings lay aside their fiery bolts, and the billows cease to roll.—HERVEY.

## LESSON XXXVIII.

*Female Accomplishments.*

1. A YOUNG lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist that she may have been very badly educated.

2. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

3. But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object.

4. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families.

5. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist.

6. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and

sing, and draw, and dress, and dance ; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him ; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate ; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, sooth his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.—HANNAH MORE,

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LESSON XXXIX.

*The Beggar's Petition.*

1. **PITY** the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span :  
Oh ! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
2. These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak ;  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years ;  
And many a furrow, in my grief-worn cheek,  
Has been the channel to a flood of tears,
3. Yon house, erected on the rising-ground,  
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road ;  
For Plenty, there, a residence has found,  
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.
4. Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor :  
Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,  
A pampered menial drove me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.
5. Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold ;  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor, and miserably old.
6. Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity would not be repressed.
7. Heaven sends misfortunes : why should we repine ?  
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see :

And your condition may be soon like mine,  
The child of sorrow and of misery.

8. A little farm was my paternal lot:  
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn:  
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;  
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
9. My daughter,—once the comfort of my age,—  
Lured, by a villain, from her native home,  
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,  
And doomed, in scanty poverty, to roam.
10. My tender wife,—sweet soother of my care!—  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and me.
11. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:  
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

ANONYMOUS

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## LESSON XL.

### *The Dignity of Human Nature.*

Extract of an Oration delivered at Rhode Island College, 1796.

1. GUIDED by reason, man has travelled through the abstruse regions of the philosophick world. He has originated rules by which he can direct the ship through the pathless ocean, and measure the comet's flight over the fields of unlimited space. He has established society and government. He can aggregate the profusions of every climate, and every season. He can meliorate the severity, and remedy the imperfections of nature herself. All these things he can perform by the assistance of reason.

2. By imagination, man seems to verge towards creative power. Aided by this, he can perform all the wonders of sculpture and painting. He can almost make the marble speak. He can almost make the brook murmur down the painted land.

escape. Often, on the pinions of imagination, he soars aloft where the eye has never travelled; where other stars glitter on the mantle of night, and a more effulgent sun lights up the blushes of morning.

3. Flying from world to world, he gazes on all the glories of creation; or, lighting on the distant margin of the universe, darts the eye of fancy over the mighty void, where power creative never yet has energized, where existence still sleeps in the wide abyss of possibility.

4. By imagination he can travel back to the source of time; converse with the successive generations of men, and kindle into emulation while he surveys the monumental trophies of ancient art and glory. He can sail down the stream of time until he loses "sight of stars and sun, by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and the earth shall be no more."

5. To these unequivocal characteristics of greatness in man, let us adduce the testimony of nature herself. Surrounding creation subserves the wants and proclaims the dignity of man. For him day and night visit the world. For him the seasons walk their splendid round. For him the earth teems with riches, and the heavens smile with beneficence.

6. All creation is accurately adjusted to his capacity for bliss. He tastes the dainties of festivity, breathes the perfumes of morning, revels on the charms of melody, and regales his eye with all the painted beauties of vision. Whatever can please, whatever can charm, whatever can expand the soul with ecstasy of bliss, allures and solicits his attention. All things beautiful, all things grand, all things sublime, appear in native loveliness, and proffer man the richest pleasures of fruition.

## LESSON XLI.

### *Education Prevents Crime.*

1. CRIME, we fear, must increase numerically in every nation with the increase of population and wealth; but it is a great mistake to suppose, that they increase more than acts of virtue and beneficence, and a still greater to suppose, that any part of the former increase is owing to the diffusion of knowledge. This, on the contrary, is, beyond all doubt, a great counteracting cause.

2. Vice, it is now generally agreed, proceeds from ignorance;

had the only sure way to reclaim or to secure men from its temptations, is to instruct them as to the consequences of their yielding. The great causes of crime are, the want of means to prosecute lawful industry with success; the want of habits of reflection, and self-command to point out the consequences of misconduct, and to ensure effect to the conviction; and the want of innocent and interesting occupations to dispel the ennui of idleness and insignificance.

3. Now, education strikes directly at the root of *all* these causes of evil: and to say that a man, who has been qualified by instruction for almost every species of honest industry; whose faculties and powers of reflection have been cultivated by study; and to whom boundless sources of interesting speculation and honourable ambition have thus been laid open, is, in consequence of these very things, more likely to commit crimes than one in opposite circumstances, is obviously to maintain, not an erroneous, but an *absurd* proposition, and, in fact, to be guilty of a plain contradiction in terms.

4. It is very true that education will not absolutely eradicate our evil propensities, and that to those depraved individuals whom it has not been able to correct, it may occasionally afford the means of more deliberate and more effective guilt. It is quite true, for example, that a man who has been taught to *write* is better qualified to commit *forgery* than one who has not.

5. But it is equally true, that a man who can *speak* is better fitted to commit *perjury* than one who is dumb; and that one who has been cured of palsy, is more likely to engage in assaults than one who is still disabled by such a malady: but it is no more the natural or common use of the power of writing to facilitate forgery, than it is of speech or manual vigour to forward deceit or violence; and the reasoning is not less absurd, which would, on such grounds, arraign the expediency of teaching all men to write, than that by which it should be concluded, that the world would be much happier and better if the bulk of mankind were mute and incapable of motion!

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## LESSON XLII.

*Address to the Sun.*

1. O THOU, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers!—Whence are thy beams, O sun!—thy everlasting,

light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

2. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But, to Ossian, thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning.

3. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.—OSSIAN.

## LESSON XLIII.

### *Song of the Pilgrims.*

1. THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,  
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,  
And, bounding with the wave and wind,  
We leave old England's shores behind:—  
Leave behind our native shore,  
Homes, and all we loved before.
2. The deep may dash, the winds may blow,  
The storm spread out its wings of wo,  
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud  
Hung in the folds of every cloud;  
Still, as long as life shall last,  
From that shore we'll speed us fast.
3. For we would rather never be,  
Than dwell where mind cannot be free;

But bows beneath a despot's rod,  
 Even where it seeks to worship God.  
 Blasts of heaven onward sweep!  
 Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

4. Oh, see what wonders meet our eyes!  
 Another land, and other skies!  
 Columbian hills have met our view!  
 Adieu!—Old England's shores, adieu!  
 Here, at length, our feet shall rest,  
 Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

5. As long as yonder firs shall spread  
 Their green arms o'er the mountain's head;  
 As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,  
 Where join the ocean and the land;  
 Shall those cliffs and mountains be  
 Proud retreats for liberty.—UPHAM.

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#### LESSON XLIV.

##### *Visit to the Falls of Missouri.*

1. As Captains Lewis and Clark approached the mountains, and had got considerably beyond the walls already described, at the meridian of nearly  $110^{\circ}$ , and the parallel of about  $47^{\circ} 20'$ , the same almost as that of the station of the Mandans, there was a bifurcation of the river, which threw them into considerable doubt as to which was the true Missouri, and the course which it behooved them to pursue. The northernmost possessed most strongly the characters of that river, and the men seemed all to entertain no doubt that it was the stream which they ought to follow.

2. The commanders of the expedition, however, did not decide till after they had reconnoitred the country from the higher grounds, and then determined to follow the southern branch. On the eleventh of June, 1806, Captain Lewis set out on foot with four men, in order to explore this river. They proceeded till the 13th, when, finding that the river bore considerably to the south, fearing that they were in an error, they changed their course and proceeded across the plain.

3. In this direction Captain Lewis had gone about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall

of water; and as he advanced, a spray, which seemed driven by the high southwest wind, rose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Toward this point he directed his steps; and the noise, increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri.

4. Having travelled seven miles after hearing the sound, he reached the falls about 12 o'clock. The hills, as he approached, were difficult of access, and about two hundred feet high. Down these he hurried with impatience; and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, he enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous cataract, which, since the creation, had been lavishing its magnificence on the desert.

5. These falls extend, in all, over a distance of nearly twelve miles; and the medium breadth of the river varies from three to six hundred yards. The principal fall is near the lower extremity, and is upwards of eighty feet perpendicular. The river is here nearly three hundred yards wide, with perpendicular cliffs on each side, not less than one hundred feet high. For ninety or one hundred yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice at least eighty feet high.

6. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself also with great rapidity; but being received, as it falls, by irregular and projecting rocks, forms a splendid prospect of white foam, two hundred yards in length, and eighty in perpendicular elevation.

7. The spray is dissipated in a thousand shapes, flying up in high columns, and collecting into large masses, which the sun adorns with all the colouring of the rainbow. The fall, just described, must be one of the most magnificent and picturesque that is any where to be found.

8. It has often been disputed, whether a cataract, in which the water falls in one sheet, or one where it is dashed irregularly among the rocks, is the finer object. It was reserved for the Missouri to resolve this doubt, by exhibiting both at once in the greatest magnificence.

9. There is another cascade, of about forty-seven feet, higher up the river, and the last of all is twenty-six feet; but the succession of inferiour falls, and of rapids of very great declivity, is astonishingly great; so that, from the first to the last, the whole descent of the river is three hundred and eighty-four feet. "Just below the falls," says Captain Lewis, "is a little island in the river well covered with timber. Here, on a cotton-wood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisputed

mistress of a spot, to invade which neither man nor beast could venture across the gulf that surrounds it; while it is farther secured by the mist that rises from the falls.

10. This solitary bird has not escaped the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls which they gave us, and which proves now to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height."

11. The river above the falls is quite unruffled and smooth, with numerous herds of buffaloes feeding on the plains around it. These plains open out on both sides, so that it is not improbable that they mark the bottom of an ancient lake, the outlet of which the river is still in the act of cutting down, and will require many ages to accomplish its work, or to reduce the whole to a moderate and uniform declivity. The eagle may then be dispossessed of its ancient and solitary domain.

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## LESSON XLV.

### *Description of the Natural Bridge in Virginia.*

1. THE Natural Bridge, the most sublime of nature's works, is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure, just at the bridge, is, by some admeasurements, two hundred and seventy feet deep, by others only two hundred and five. It is about forty-five feet wide at the bottom, and ninety feet at the top; this, of course, determines the length of the bridge, and its height from the water; its breadth in the middle is about sixty feet, but more at the ends, and the thickness of the mass, at the summit of the arch, about forty feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees. The residue, with the hill on both sides, is one solid rock of limestone.

2. The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form; but the larger axis of the ellipses, which would be the chord of the arch, is many times longer than the transverse. Though the sides of the bridge are provided, in some parts, with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and feet, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute, gave me a violent headache.

3. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt beyond what they are here : so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing, as it were, up to heaven, the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable ! The fissure, continuing narrow, deep, and straight, for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but very pleasing view of the North Mountain on one side, and Blue Ridge on the other, at the distance, each of them, of about five miles.

4. This bridge is in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords a publick and commodious passage over a valley, which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. The stream passing under it is called Cedar creek. It is a water of James's river, and sufficient, in the driest seasons, to turn a grist-mill, though its fountain is not more than two miles above.—JEFFERSON.

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#### LESSON XLVI.

*Change of External Condition is often Adverse to Virtue.*

1. In the days of Joram, king of Israel, flourished the prophet Elisha. His character was so eminent, and his fame so widely spread, that Benhadad, the king of Syria, though an idolater, sent to consult him, concerning the issue of a distemper which threatened his life. The messenger employed on this occasion was Hazael, who appears to have been one of the princes, or chief men of the Syrian court.

2. Charged with rich gifts from the king, he presents himself before the prophet, and accosts him in terms of the highest respect. During the conference which they held together, Elisha fixed his eyes steadfastly on the countenance of Hazael ; and discerning, by a prophetick spirit, his future tyranny and cruelty, he could not contain himself from bursting into a flood of tears.

3. When Hazael, in surprise, inquired into the cause of this sudden emotion, the prophet plainly informed him of the crimes and barbarities, which he foresaw that he would afterward commit. The soul of Hazael abhorred, at this time, the thoughts of cruelty. Uncorrupted, as yet, by ambition or greatness, his indignation rose at being thought capable of the savage actions which the prophet had mentioned ; and, with

much warmth, he replies: "But what?—is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?"

4. Elisha makes no return, but to point out a remarkable change, which was to take place in his condition;—"The Lord hath shown me, that thou shalt be king over Syria." In course of time, all that had been predicted came to pass. Hazael ascended the throne, and ambition took possession of his heart. "He smote the children of Israel in all their coasts. He oppressed them during all the days of king Jehoahaz:" and, from what is left on record of his actions, he plainly appears to have proved, what the prophet foresaw him to be, a man of violence, cruelty, and blood.

5. In this passage of history, an object is presented, which deserves our serious attention. We behold a man, who, in one state of life, could not look upon certain crimes without surprise and horror; who knew so little of himself, as to believe it impossible for him ever to be concerned in committing them; that same man, by a change of condition, and an unguarded state of mind, transformed in all his sentiments; and as he rose in greatness, rising also in guilt; till at last he completed that whole character of iniquity, which he once detested,

BLAIR,

## LESSON XLVII.

### *The Trials of Virtue.*

1. PLACED on the verge of youth, my mind  
Life's opening scene surveyed:  
I viewed its ills of various kind,  
Afflicted and afraid.
2. But chief my fear the dangers moved,  
That virtue's path enclose:  
My heart the wise pursuit approved;  
But, oh, what toils oppose!
3. For see, ah, see! while yet her ways  
With doubtful step I tread,  
A hostile world its terrors raise,  
Its snares delusive spread.
4. O how shall I, with heart prepared,  
Those terrors learn to meet?

How from the thousand snares to guard  
My inexperienced feet ?

5. As thus I mused, oppressive sleep  
Soft o'er my temples drew  
Oblivion's veil. The watery deep,  
An object strange and new,
6. Before me rose : on the wide shore  
Observant as I stood,  
The gathering storms around me roar,  
And heave the boiling flood.
7. Near and more near the billows rise ;  
Even now my steps they lave ;  
And death to my affrighted eyes  
Approached in every wave.
8. What hope, or whither to retreat !  
Each nerve at once unstrung ;  
Chill fear had fettered fast my feet,  
And chained my speechless tongue.
9. I felt my heart within me die ;  
When, sudden to mine ear,  
A voice, descending from on high,  
Reproved my erring fear.
10. "What tho' the swelling surge thou see  
Impatient to devour ;  
Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,  
And thankful own his power.
11. Know, when he bade the deep appear,  
'Thus far,' the Almighty said,  
'Thus far, no farther, rage ; and here  
Let thy proud waves be stayed.'"
12. I heard ; and lo ! at once controlled,  
The waves, in wild retreat,  
Back on themselves reluctant rolled,  
And murmuring left my feet.
13. Deeps to assembling deeps in vain  
Once more the signal gave :

The shores the rushing weight sustain,  
And check the usurping wave.

14. Convinced, in nature's volume wise,  
The imaged truth I read;  
And sudden from my waking eyes  
The instructive vision fled.
15. Then why thus heavy, O my soul!  
Say, why distrustful still;  
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
O'er scenes of future ill!
16. Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
Each anxious doubt exclude:  
Thy Maker's will has placed thee here,  
A Maker wise and good!
17. He to thy every trial knows  
Its just restraint to give;  
Attentive to behold thy woes,  
And faithful to relieve,
18. Then why thus heavy, O my soul!  
Say, why distrustful still;  
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
O'er scenes of future ill!
19. Tho' griefs unnumbered throng thee round,  
Still in thy God confide,  
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,  
And curbs the headlong tide,—MERRICK,

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#### LESSON XLVIII.

##### *Travelling over the Andes.*

1. Among the rugged and unfrequented paths of the Cordilleras, various dangers and fatigues beset the traveller. The ruggedness of the roads can hardly be described. In many places the ground is so narrow, that the mules have scarcely room to set their feet, and in others it is a continued series of precipices.

2. These paths are full of holes from two to three feet deep, in which the mules set their feet, and draw their bellies and the rider's legs along the ground. These holes serve as steps, without which the precipices would, in a great measure, be impassable; but should the creature happen to set his foot between two of these holes, or not place it right, the rider falls; and if on the side of the precipice, he inevitably perishes.

3. This danger is even greater in descending precipices where those holes are wanting; but the instinct of the mules, that are accustomed to pass them, is admirable. They are sensible of the caution requisite in the descent.

4. On coming to the top of an eminence they stop, and having placed their fore feet close together, as in a posture of stopping themselves, they also put their hind feet together, but a little forward, as if going to lie down.

5. In this attitude, having, as it were, taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. All the rider has to do, is to keep himself fast in the saddle, without checking his beast, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the mule; in which case they must both unavoidably be precipitated to destruction.

6. In many parts of the passes of the Andes, the mode of travelling is upon men's backs. The traveller sits in a chair, tied to the back of the carrier. The number of men who undertake the employment of beasts of burden, is considerable. The roads, over which they travel, lie through desolate forests, which cannot be traversed in less than ten or twelve days, and where there is not a hut to be seen, nor any subsistence to be procured.

7. Pendulous bridges are thrown over the frightful crevices of immeasurable depth, which are found in the flanks of the Andes. Over these frail and tremulous passages, the fearless natives carry the traveller in a chair attached to their backs, and, bending forward the body, they move with a swift and equal step; but, when they reach the centre, the oscillation of the bridge is so great, that, were they to stop, inevitable destruction must ensue: the native and his burden would be dashed to the bottom of a precipice, to whose profound depth the eye can scarcely reach.

8. These bridges are, from the nature of their construction, frequently out of repair; presenting to the shuddering European, who visits these countries, frightful chasms, over which the Indians step with undaunted confidence. In the winter, travellers are in danger of being frozen to death, in endeavouring to pass these mountains before the winter snows are melted, and many lose their lives in the attempt.—WORCESTER'S *Sk.*

## LESSON XLIX.

*On Discretion.*

1. I HAVE often thought, if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of a wise man, and that of a fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a succession of vanities, which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions, the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for, indeed, talking with a friend is nothing else than *thinking aloud*.

2. Tully has, therefore, very justly exposed a precept, delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend, in such a manner, that, if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour toward an enemy, is, indeed, very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour toward a friend, savours more of cunning than of discretion; and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Beside that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

3. Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life. There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest; which sets them at work in their proper times and places; and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

4. Discretion does not only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the

talents of those with whom he converses, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe, that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind; endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

5. Though a man has all other perfections, yet if he wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; on the contrary, if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

6. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us; and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private, selfish aims; and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed.

7. Discretion has large and extended views; and, like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but it is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done had he passed only for a plain man.

8. Discretion is the perfection of reason; and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves; and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion; and it may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

9. The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which is reserved for him in another world, loses nothing of its reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that

those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment; and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being.

10. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action; and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality; his schemes are large and glorious; and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.—ADDISON.

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## LESSON L.

### *On the Government of our Thoughts.*

1. A MULTITUDE of cases occur, in which we are no less accountable for what we think, than for what we do. As, first, when the introduction of any train of thoughts depends upon ourselves, and is our voluntary act, by turning our attention towards such objects, awakening such passions, or engaging in such employments, as we know must give a peculiar determination to our thoughts. Next, when thoughts, by whatever accident they may have been originally suggested, are indulged with deliberation and complacency.

2. Though the mind has been passive in their reception, and, therefore, free from blame; yet, if it be active in their continuance, the guilt becomes its own. They may have intruded at first, like unbidden guests; but if, when entered, they are made welcome, and kindly entertained, the case is the same as if they had been invited from the beginning.

3. If we are thus accountable to God for thoughts, either voluntarily introduced, or deliberately indulged, we are no less so in the last place, for those which find admittance into our hearts from supine negligence, from total relaxation of attention, from allowing our imagination to rove with entire license, "like the eyes of the fool towards the end of the earth."

4. Our minds are, in this case, thrown open to folly and vanity. They are prostituted to every evil thing which pleases to take possession. The consequences must all be charged to

our account; and in vain we plead excuse from human infirmity. Hence it appears, that the great object at which we are to aim in governing our thoughts, is to take the most effectual measures for preventing the introduction of such as are sinful; and for hastening their expulsion if they shall have introduced themselves without consent of the will.

5. But when we descend into our breasts, and examine how far we have studied to keep this object in view, who can tell "how oft he hath offended?" In no article of religion or morals, are men more culpably remiss than in the unrestrained indulgence they give to fancy; and that too, for the most part, without remorse. Since the time that reason began to exert her powers, thought, during our waking hours, has been active in every breast, without a moment's suspension or pause.

6. The current of ideas has been always flowing. The wheels of the spiritual engine have circulated with perpetual motion. Let me ask, what has been the fruit of this incessant activity with the greater part of mankind? Of the innumerable hours that have been employed in thought, how few are marked with any permanent or useful effect? How many have either passed away in idle dreams, or have been abandoned to anxious, discontented musings, to unsocial and malignant passions, or to irregular and criminal desires?

7. Had I power to lay open that storehouse of iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal; could I draw out and read to them a list of all the imaginations they have devised, and all the passions they have indulged in secret; what a picture of men should I present to themselves! What crimes would they appear to have perpetrated in secrecy, which to their most intimate companions they durst not reveal!

8. Even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly suffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they would wish to attain, or choose to be, if they could frame the course of things according to their desire. Though such employments of fancy come not under the same description with those which are plainly criminal, yet wholly unblameable they seldom are. Besides the waste of time which they occasion, and the misapplication which they indicate of those intellectual powers that were given to us for much nobler purposes, such romantick speculations always lead us into the neighbourhood of forbidden regions.

9. They place us on dangerous ground. They are, for the most part, connected with some one bad passion; and they always nourish a giddy and frivolous turn of thought. They

unfit the mind for applying with vigour to rational pursuits, or for acquiescing in sober plans of conduct. From that ideal world in which it allows itself to dwell, it returns to the commerce of men, unbent and relaxed, sickly and tainted, averse to discharging the duties, and sometimes disqualified even for relishing the pleasures of ordinary life.—BLAIR.

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## LESSON LI.

*Defence of Literary Studies in Men of Business.*

1. Among the cautions which prudence and worldly wisdom inculcate on the young, or at least among those sober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is said to result from the pursuit of letters and of science, in men destined for the labours of business, or for the active exertions of professional life.

2. The abstraction of learning, the speculations of science, and the visionary excursions of fancy, are fatal, it is said, to the steady pursuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding industry, which ordinary business demands.

3. The fineness of mind, which is created or increased by the study of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is supposed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which professional eminence is gained; as a nicely tempered edge, applied to a coarse and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common instrument would have successfully achieved.

4. A young man destined for law or commerce, is advised to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and dulness is pointed to his homage, as that benevolent goddess, under whose protection the honours of station and the blessings of opulence are to be attained; while learning and genius are proscribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect.

5. In doubting the truth of these assertions, I think I shall not entertain any hurtful degree of skepticism, because the general current of opinion seems, of late years, to have set too strongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the falling cause of literature, without being accused of blameable or dangerous partiality.

6. In the examples which memory and experience produce of idleness, of dissipation, and of poverty, brought on by indulgence of literary or poetical enthusiasm, the evidence must

necessarily be on one side of the question only. Of the few whom learning or genius has led astray, the ill success or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the sufferer.

7. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the insignificance of those by whom it was endured. If we may reason from the cause to the effect on the matter, the chance, I think, should be on the side of literature.

8. In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural aversion to the drudgery of business, which is seldom overcome till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progress of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enlisted on the side of their profession, by the opening prospects of ambition or emolument.

9. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly sought from some favourite avocation or amusement, for which a young man either finds or steals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his task, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival by deserting his work before the legal period for amusement is arrived.

10. It may fairly be questioned, whether the most innocent of those amusements is either so honourable or so safe as the avocation of learning or of science. Of minds uninformed and gross, whom youthful spirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amusements will generally be either boisterous or effeminate; will either dissipate their attention or weaken their force.

11. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by those rigid masters who exact the most scrupulous observance of the periods destined for business. The waste of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loss; but the waste or the depravation of mind, is a loss of a much higher denomination.

12. The votary of study, or the enthusiast of fancy, may incur the first; but the latter will be suffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the grossness of mere sensual enjoyments.

13. In this, as in other respects, the love of letters is friendly to sober manners and virtuous conduct, which, in every profession, is the road to success and to respect. Without adopting the common-place reflections against some particular departments, it must be allowed that, in mere men of business, there is a certain professional rule of right which is not always honourable, and, though meant to be selfish, very seldom profits.

14. A superiour education generally corrects this, by open-

ing the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the sense of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a desertion of those principles:

15. To the improvement of our faculties, as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain sort of application, though of a kind, perhaps, very different from that which business would recommend.

16. Granting that they are unprofitable in themselves, as that word is used in the language of the world, yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amusement of some use, as those sports of children in which numbers are used to familiarize them to the elements of arithmetick.

17. They give room for the exercise of that discernment, that comparison of objects, that distinction of causes, which is to increase the skill of the physician, to guide the speculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and, though some professions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is scarce any branch of business in which a man who can think, will not excel him who can only labour.

18. We shall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information seemed of all qualities the least necessary, that those who possessed it in a degree above their fellows have found, from that very circumstance, the road to eminence and wealth.

19. But I must often repeat, that wealth does not necessarily create happiness, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to insist on, but which the present time seems particularly to require being told.

20. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preservative against that servile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain classical pride, which, from the society of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honest disdain on the wealth-blown insects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue.

21. In the possession, indeed, of what he has attained, in that rest and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were smoothed, the mere man of business frequently undergoes suffering, instead of finding enjoyment. To be busy as one ought is an easy art; but to know how to be idle is a very superiour accomplishment.

22. This difficulty is much increased with persons to whom the habit of employment has made some active exertion necessary; who cannot sleep contented in the torpor of indolence,

or amuse themselves with those lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleness, as he did fortune, from his ancestors, has been accustomed to find amusement.

23. The miseries and misfortunes of the "retired pleasures" of men of business, have been frequently matter of speculation to the moralist, and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with professional skill, and literary amusement with professional labour, will have some stock wherewith to support him in idleness, some spring for his mind when unbent from business, some employment for those hours which retirement or solitude has left vacant and unoccupied.

24. Independence in the use of one's time is not the least valuable species of freedom. This liberty the man of letters enjoys: while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thralldom of business only to become the slaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

25. But the situation, in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters bestow are chiefly conspicuous, is old age, when a man's society is necessarily circumscribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminished.

26. Unfit for the bustle of affairs, and the amusements of his youth, an old man, if he has no source of mental exertion or employment, often settles into the gloom of melancholy and peevishness, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man, whose gratifications were solely derived from those sensual appetites which time has blunted, or from those trivial amusements of which youth only can share, age has cut off almost every source of enjoyment.

27. But to him who has stored his mind with the information, and can still employ it in the amusement, of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world, whose society he can at all times enjoy.

28. There is, perhaps, no state more capable of comfort to ourselves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which such an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the passions, when they are mitigated, but not extinguished, and spread their gentle influence over the evening of our day, in alliance with reason, and in amity with virtue.—MACKENZIE

## LESSON LII.

*Force of Talents.*

1. **TALENTS**, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancour of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose; so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

2. When the great Earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the House of Commons, and began to astonish and transport the British Parliament and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known, that the minister, Walpole, and his brother, Horace, (from motives very easily understood,) exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantick genius, and hide it from the world.

3. Poor and powerless attempt!—The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantick agonies and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent, Python.

4. Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardour and hoary headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid, and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantick boy!

5. That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the Parliament, a genius so ethereal, towering, and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fireball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

6. Talents, which are before the publick, have nothing to dread, either from the jealous pride of power, or from the transient misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade.

7. The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result: however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away and be remembered no more.

8. No enterprising man, therefore, (and least of *all*, the truly great man,) has reason to droop or repine at any efforts, which he may suppose to be made with the view to *depress* him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing, as would a human effort "to quench the stars."—WIER,

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### LESSON LIII.

#### *Character of Washington.*

1. No matter what may be the birthplace of such a man as WASHINGTON. No climate can claim, no country can appropriate him: the boon of Providence to the human race: his fame is eternity; his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin: if the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavouring to improve on herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

2. Individual instances, no doubt, there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification: Cesar was merciful; Scipio was continent; Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely master-piece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of

associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master.

3. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience. As a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage.

4. A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command; liberty unsheathed his sword; necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banishes hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than reign in a capitol.

5. Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains: he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy. Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!—PHILIPS.

#### LESSON LIV.

##### *To the Eagle.*

1. BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing!  
     Thy home is high in heaven,  
     Where wide the storms their banners fling,  
     And the tempest clouds are driven.  
     Thy throne is on the mountain top;  
     Thy fields—the boundless air;  
     And hoary peaks, that proudly prop  
     The skies—thy dwellings are.
2. Thou sittest like a thing of light,  
     Amid the noontide blaze:  
     The midway sun is clear and bright,  
     It cannot dim thy gaze.

Thy pinions, to the rushing blast,  
O'er the bursting billow spread,  
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,  
Like an angel of the dead.

3. Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,  
And the waves are white below,  
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,  
They rush in an endless flow.  
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight  
To lands beyond the sea;  
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,  
Thou hurriest wild and free.
4. Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,  
And thou leavest them all behind;  
Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,  
Fleet as the tempest wind.  
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,  
With a shrill and boding scream,  
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,  
Quick as a passing dream.
5. Lord of the boundless realm of air!  
In thy imperial name,  
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare  
The dangerous path of fame.  
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,  
The Roman legions bore,  
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,  
Their pride to the polar shore.
6. For thee they fought, for thee they fell,  
And their oath was on thee laid;  
To thee the clarions raised their swell,  
And the dying warrior prayed.  
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,  
The image of pride and power,  
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years  
Burst forth in one awful hour.
7. And then, a deluge of wrath it came,  
And the nations shook with dread;  
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,  
And piled with the mingled dead.

Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,  
 With the low and crouching slave;  
 And together lay, in a shroud of blood,  
 The coward and the brave.

8. And where was then thy fearless flight?  
 "O'er the dark mysterious sea,  
 To the lands that caught the setting light,  
 The cradle of Liberty.  
 There, on the silent and lonely shore,  
 For ages I watched alone,  
 And the world, in its darkness, asked no more  
 Where the glorious bird had flown.

9. "But then came a bold and hardy few,  
 And they breasted the unknown wave;  
 I caught afar the wandering crew,  
 And I knew they were high and brave.  
 I wheeled around the welcome bark,  
 As it sought the desolate shore;  
 And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,  
 My quivering pinions bore.

10. "And now that bold and hardy few  
 Are a nation wide and strong,  
 And danger and doubt I have led them through,  
 And they worship me in song;  
 And over their bright and glancing arms,  
 On field, and lake, and sea,  
 With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,  
 I guide them to victory."—PERCIVAL.

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#### LESSON LV.

Extract from an Address, delivered at Northampton, (Mass.) before the  
 Agricultural Society, by SAMUEL F. DICKINSON.

1. A good husbandman will *educate his daughters*. I distinguish the education of daughters from that of sons, because nature has designed them to occupy places in families, and in society, altogether dissimilar.

2. Daughters should be *well instructed* in the useful sciences, comprising a *good English education*, including a thorough

knowledge of our own language, geography, history, mathematics, and natural philosophy. The female mind, so sensitive, so susceptible of improvement, should not be neglected. This sensibility presents strong claims for its culture. God hath designed nothing in vain.

3. Daughters should, also, be thoroughly acquainted with the business and cares of a family. These are among the *first objects* of woman's creation; they ought to be among the *first branches* of her education. *She was made for a mother.* They should learn *neatness, economy, industry, and sobriety.* These will constitute their ornaments.

4. No vermilion will be necessary to give colour or expression to the countenance; no artificial supports to give shape, or torture, to the body. Nature will appear in all her loveliness of proportion and beauty; and modesty, unaffected gentleness of manner, will render them *amiable* in the kitchen and dining room, and ornaments to the sitting room and parlour.

5. How enviable the parents of such a daughter. How lovely the daughter herself. How happy the husband of such a wife. *Thrice happy the children of such a mother.* They shall rise up and call her blessed, and her memory shall live.

6. The influence of the female character *can not be estimated.* It is decisive of the character of the other sex. If her character be pure, and elevated, and without reproach; such will be the character of the other sex. There is no man so much a monster that he would *dare* to be vicious in the presence of a modest and virtuous woman. Her character is a shield against even the solicitation to vice.

7. Every thing, domestick or social, depends on the *female character.* As *daughters* and *sisters*, they decide the character of the family. As *wives*, they emphatically decide the character of their husbands, and *their condition* also.

8. It has been *not unmeaningly* said, that the husband must ask his wife whether he may be respected. He certainly must inquire *at her altar* whether he may be prosperous or happy. As *mothers*, they decide the character of their children.—Eternity only can disclose the consequences.

9. Nature has constituted them the early guardians and instructors of their children, and clothed them with sympathies suited to this important trust. Who that had a pious and faithful mother, can, without emotion, call to mind *her early solicitude, and prayers, and counsels*, in his behalf? Such remembrance shall not cease to warm and enrich the heart, so long as clothed with mortality. And of *this*, and of *that*, it shall be said in heaven, *he had a faithful, a pious mother.*

10. Half the *wretchedness* and *misery* in families, arising from *temper*, or *want of economy* in the wife, has not been told. Not even the bestial habit of drunkenness in the husband, produces more disastrous consequences. To this cause, also, may be attributed many of the vices of the husband. He will not love home, if *his fireside* is rendered *uncomfortable* or *unpleasant*. And when *the love of home is gone*, the man is lost. There is no redemption. Better that he had not been!

11. The appearance of the husband, and the condition of the children, *faithfully* express the character of the wife. If she be the *neat, prudent, modest and dignified woman*, her husband will proclaim it wherever he goes; in his countenance, in his apparel, in his whole demeanour; it is inscribed on every thing about him. The children, also, will be modest and manly; in clean and whole apparel. If she chance to possess the opposite qualities, her husband will be *uneasy, fretful, and gloomy*, he knows not why; and her children, impudent and ugly, their apparel *unmended and unwashed*.

12. These appearances, and they are not images of fancy, as surely foretel the ruin of a family, as does the thunder cloud, the rain, or the rumbling of the mountain, the bursting of a volcano.

13. How important, then, that every husbandman should *educate well* his daughters, cherishing and maturing all that excellence of mind, and temper, and sincerity of heart, which belong to her sex, pre-eminently fit her for the endearing relations of *child, of sister, of wife, and of mother*. How important, also, to every young man, that he be blessed with such a connexion.

14. It cannot be too often, or too strongly impressed upon the minds of fathers, and of *mothers too*, that their daughters hold, in their keeping, the destinies of the present, and, at least, of the generation to come. How desirable, too, that their other virtues be clothed with piety. Pious women have ever been highly favoured of heaven. They were *first* to listen at the feet of the Saviour, *first* to weep at his sufferings, *last* to linger around his cross, *first* to worship at his sepulchre; to them, *first* was announced the resurrection. They shall stand *nearest his throne*.

## LESSON LVI.

*Song of Marion's Men.*

[The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting portion of the annals of the American Revolution.]

1. Our band is few, but true and tried,  
     Our leader, frank and bold;  
 The British soldier trembles  
     When Marion's name is told.  
 Our fortress is the good green wood,  
     Our tent the cypress tree;  
 We know the forest round us,  
     As seamen know the sea.  
 We know its walls of thorny vines,  
     Its glades of reedy grass,  
 Its safe and silent islands  
     Within the dark morass.
  
2. Wo to the English soldiery  
     That little dread us near!  
 On them shall light, at midnight,  
     A strange and sudden fear:  
 When waking to their tents on fire  
     They grasp their arms in vain,  
 And they who stand to face us  
     Are beat to earth again;  
 And they who fly in terror, deem  
     A mighty host behind,  
 And hear the tramp of thousands  
     Upon the hollow wind.
  
3. Then sweet the hour that brings release  
     From danger and from toil:  
 We talk the battle over,  
     And share the battle's spoil.  
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
     As if a hunt were up,  
 And woodland flowers are gathered  
     To crown the soldier's cup.  
 With merry songs we mock the wind  
     That in the pine-top grieves,

And slumber long and sweetly,  
On beds of oaken leaves.

4. Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads ;  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide  
Across the moonlit plains ;  
'Tis life to feel the night wind  
That lifts their tossing manes.  
A moment in the British camp,  
A moment, and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

5. Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs,  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band,  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
For ever, from our shore.—W. C. BRYANT.

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### LESSON LVII.

#### *On the True Honour of Man.*

1. THE proper honour of man arises not from some of those splendid actions and abilities which excite high admiration. Courage and prowess, military renown, signal victories and conquests, may render the name of a man famous, without rendering his character truly honourable. To many brave men, to many heroes renowned in story, we look up with wonder. Their exploits are recorded. Their praises are sung. They stand as on an eminence above the rest of mankind.— Their eminence, nevertheless, may not be of that sort before which we bow with inward esteem and respect. Something

more is wanted for that purpose than the conquering arm, and the intrepid mind.

2. The laurels of the warrior must, at all times, be died in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan. But if they have been stained by rapine and inhumanity; if sordid avarice has marked his character; or low and gross sensuality has degraded his life; the great hero sinks into a little man. What, at a distance, or on a superficial view, we admired, becomes mean, perhaps odious, when we examine it more closely. It is like the Colossal statue, whose immense size struck the spectator afar off with astonishment; but when nearly viewed, it appears disproportioned, unshapely, and rude.

3. Observations of the same kind may be applied to all the reputation derived from civil accomplishments; from the refined politicks of the statesman; or the literary efforts of genius and erudition. These bestow, and, within certain bounds, ought to bestow eminence and distinction on men. They discover talents which, in themselves, are shining, and which become highly valuable when employed in advancing the good of mankind. Hence, they frequently give rise to fame. But a distinction is to be made between fame and true honour.

4. The statesman, the orator, or the poet, may be famous; while yet the man himself is far from being honoured. We envy his abilities. We wish to rival them. But we would not choose to be classed with him who possesses them. Instances of this sort are too often found in every record of ancient or modern history.

5. From all this it follows, that in order to discern where man's true honour lies, we must look, not to any adventitious circumstances of fortune; not to any single sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what entitles him, as such, to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul.

6. A mind superiour to fear, to selfish interest and corruption; a mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the same in prosperity and adversity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; such is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man.

7. One who, in no situation of life, is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind; faithful to his friends,

generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; self-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for publick interest and happiness; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose words we can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives us; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart: one, in fine, whom, independent of any views of advantage, we would choose for a superiour, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother; this is the man, whom in our heart, above all others, we do, we must honour.—BLAIR.

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## LESSON LVIII.

### *The Nature of True Eloquence.*

1. WHEN publick bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

2. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

3. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreacking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanick fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

4. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour.

5. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent.

6. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit.

speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object; this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.—D. WEBSTER.

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## LESSON LIX.

### *The Education of the Poor.*

1. THE education of the poor sifts the talents of a country, and discovers the choicest gifts of nature in the depths of solitude, and in the darkness of poverty; for Providence often sets the grandest spirits in the lowest places, and gives to many a man a soul far better than his birth, compelling him to dig with a spade, who had better wielded a sceptre.

2. Education searches every where for talents; sifting among the gravel for the gold, holding up every pebble to the light, and seeing whether it be the refuse of nature, or whether the hand of art can give it brilliancy and price.

3. There are no bounds to the value of this sort of education. I come here to speak upon this occasion; when fourteen or fifteen youths, who have long participated of your bounty, come to return you their thanks.

4. How do we know that there may not be, among all these, one who shall enlarge the boundaries of knowledge; who shall increase the power of his country by his enterprise in commerce; watch over its safety in the most critical times by his vigilance as a magistrate; and consult its true happiness by his integrity and his ability as a senator?

5. On all other things there is a sign, or a mark; we know them immediately, or we can find them out; but man, we do not know; for one man differs from another man, as heaven differs from earth; and the excellence that is in him, education seeks for with vigilance, and preserves with care. We might make a brilliant list of our great English characters who have been born in cottages. May it ever increase; there can be no surer sign that we are a wise and a happy people.—SMITH.

## LESSON LX.

*The Love of Nature.*

1. **WHEN** the mind becomes animated with a love of nature, nothing is seen that does not become an object for curiosity and inquiry. A person under the influence of this principle can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description; and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession.

2. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees; and makes the most rude uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasure; so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

3. A river is traced to its fountain; a flower to its seed; and an oak to its acorn. If a marine fossil lies on the side of a mountain, the mind is employed in the endeavour to ascertain the cause of its position.

4. If a tree is buried in the depths of a morass, the history of the world is traced to the deluge; and he who grafts, inoculates, and prunes, as well as he who plants and transplants, will derive an innocent pleasure in noting the habits of trees and their modes of culture; the soils in which they delight; the shapes into which they mould themselves; and will enjoy as great a satisfaction from the symmetry of an oak, as from the symmetry of an animal.

5. Every tree that bends, and every flower that blushes, even a leafless copse, a barren plain, the cloudy firmament, and the rocky mountain, are objects for his attentive meditation. For—

To him, who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware.—BRYANT.

## LESSON LXI.

*Domestick Economy.*

[Extract from an Address delivered by CYRUS BARTON, one of the editors of the New Hampshire Patriot and State Gazette, before the Concord Mechanics' Association, October 5, 1831.]

1. The love of distinction is undoubtedly one of the strongest passions of the human breast, to acquire this, the means resorted to are as various as the dispositions and habits of men are discordant, or as the customs of society in various countries and ages of the world are different.

2. In our own country, where the genius of our institutions reduces all men to a natural level; where the highest offices and the most dignified stations are legitimate objects for the pursuit of all who choose to compete for them; the barriers which circumscribe the field of ambition are removed, and a wider range is given for the exercise of the various talents and acquirements incident to a civilized, brave, and refined people.

3. But this very freedom which we enjoy; this *natural* equality which our constitutions and laws secure to all our citizens, although far from being an evil in itself, may be, and doubtless is, often converted into an evil, which bears heavily upon a great portion of our citizens.

4. Our institutions making us all equal, there is a strong propensity to preserve an appearance of equality as regards wealth, and the external trappings of fashion with our more fortunate neighbours, whatever may be our ability to sustain such appearance.

5. Hence the evil. Instead of being content to move on in the circumscribed limits to which our circumstances bind us, we often bring poverty, and ruin, and wretchedness upon ourselves and families, in a vain endeavour to ape the fashions of those who have the ability to incur such expenditures, without injury to themselves.

6. It is this cause which has led many people, and especially many mechanics into useless extravagance and unnecessary expenditures, until bankruptcy and ruin have overtaken them.

7. It is, I believe, a very general error into which people fall, to attach a consequence to external decorations which they are not entitled to, and to trust to them for respectability in society, while they overlook those essential qualities, *integrity, industry, and intelligence*; without which no mechanic can

ever hope to arrive at eminence in his profession, or to any good degree of respectability in society.

8. It is a mistaken notion altogether, to suppose that a fine house, fine furniture, and fine equipage are necessary to confer respectability, or that a man is esteemed more highly in consequence of them. To those who can afford them, such indulgences are rational and laudable.

9. But when we see a young mechanick with a small capital, all of which is necessary to carry on his business, going beyond his resources in this particular; setting up house-keeping in a style of extravagance proper only for the rich, he not only suffers in a pecuniary point of view, in consequence, but also in his reputation.

10. His credit suffers, and prudent men will utter *predictions* of his future fate, which are almost sure to be verified. No young mechanick was ever thought the worse of, or received with less consideration in society, for graduating his expenditures according to his means, and for living within his income, although his house may carry the most plain and unostentatious appearance, and his table indicate the most frugal and homely fare.

11. But, on the contrary, this very plainness and frugality, will procure for him the respect of the sensible and reflecting. He will secure a reputation for economy and good management; his credit will rise in the neighbourhood; his business will increase, and, in the end, his habits of industry and economy, will enable him to indulge in all the innocent and rational luxuries attendant upon wealth, acquired by honest means.

12. It is a desire to get forward in the world too soon, that has ruined many an intelligent and enterprising young mechanick. An impatience to assume a station in fashionable society, before he has acquired the means to sustain the character in which he is so desirous to figure, has brought down many a promising mechanick, who, but for this mistaken notion of what constitutes true respectability, might, in a few years, have enjoyed, in full fruition, the reality of all his rational hopes and desires.

COBB'S SEQUEL.

LESSON LXII.

*Scene of Misery.*

1. I saw at midnight's lone and silent hour,  
A sorrowing mother with her sleeping babe,  
Waiting in silence the return of him  
Who was her husband. Pale and wan,  
And worn away with grief, she sat  
A picture of dejection, sorrow, and despair.
2. Her eyes were full of tears, and as she gazed  
Upon her senseless infant as it slept,  
Unconscious of its mother's tears, that flowed  
In secret silence on its sleeping form;  
She thought of other times, the happier times,  
When in the sunshine of her father's smiles,  
Her mother's tender and paternal care :
3. With friends and kindred relatives around,—  
Brother's and sister's in affection joined,—  
She past the happy years of youth away ;  
When he,—now levelled with the brutes,—  
Was every thing that's good and virtuous,  
And for whom she left a home  
Of peace and happiness, o'er which no cloud  
Scarce ever rose to darken what was joy.
4. 'Twas then the path of life looked plain,  
And the deceitful dream that promised happiness,  
And spread the path with visionary flowers,  
She thought would bloom for ever bright,  
And ne'er be withered by an adverse blast.
5. She mused too on the change, that fatal change,  
Which blasted all her happiness, and made  
The future wear an aspect dark and dismal ;  
She thought upon herself: what could she do ?  
When he, who, in the presence of the Eternal One,  
And men, and angels, solemnly did vow,  
That he would guide, protect, and comfort her,  
Was now a poor, debased, and miserable being ;  
A slave to his own appetite, and fallen  
On a level with the beasts.

6. Suddenly the step  
Of his approach was heard ; I saw her shrink  
With timid fear, as nearer yet the sound  
Of his return fell on her listening ear.  
It was not always thus. There was a time  
When his return was welcomed back with smiles.
7. But it was different now. His tottering steps  
Had reached his door : with trembling hand  
'Twas opened. There he stood  
With glaring eyeballs, and a look  
That more became a devil than a man.  
He gazed upon his sorrowing wife and sleeping babe,  
Without one spark of that affection which  
Once burnt within, a pure and holy flame.
8. Rum had changed  
Affection into hatred ; had taken away  
A heart of flesh, and, in its stead,  
Had placed a heart of stone ; or such a one  
As dwells within the tiger's breast,  
Where pity never enters ; and the melting cry  
Of suffering innocence may plead in vain,  
To find an entrance to his savage breast.—T.  
PAWTUCKET CHRONICLE.

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### LESSON LXIII.

#### *History of the English Language.*

1. THE language which is at present spoken throughout Great Britain, is neither the ancient primitive speech of the island, nor derived from it, but is altogether of foreign origin. The language of the first inhabitants of our island, beyond doubt, was the Celtick, or Gaelick, common to them with Gaul; from which country it appears, by many circumstances, that Great Britain was peopled.

2. This Celtick tongue, which is said to be very expressive and copious, and is probably one of the most ancient languages in the world, obtained once in most of the western regions of Europe.

3. It was the language of Gaul, of Great Britain, of Ireland, and very probably of Spain also; till, in the course of those

revolutions, which, by means of the conquests, first of the Romans, and afterward of the northern nations, changed the government, speech, and, in a manner, the whole face of Europe. This tongue was gradually obliterated, and now subsists only in the mountains of Wales, in the highlands of Scotland, and among the wild Irish; for the Irish, the Welsh, and the Erse, are no other than different dialects of the same tongue, the ancient Celtick.

4. This, then, was the language of the primitive Britons, the first inhabitants that we know of in our island, and continued so till the arrival of the Saxons in England, in the year of our Lord 450; who, having conquered the Britons, did not intermix with them, but expelled them from their habitations, and drove them, together with their language, into the mountains of Wales.

5. The Saxons were one of those northern nations that overran Europe; and their tongue, a dialect of the Gothick, or Teutonick, altogether distinct from the Celtick, laid the foundation of the present English tongue. With some intermixture of Danish, a language probably from the same root with the Saxon, it continued to be spoken throughout the southern part of the island, till the time of William the Conqueror.

6. He introduced his Norman or French, as the language of the court, which made a considerable change in the speech of the nation; and the English which was spoken afterward, and continues to be spoken now, is a mixture of the ancient Saxon and this Norman French, together with such new and foreign words as commerce and learning have, in progress of time, gradually introduced.

7. The history of the English language can, in this manner, be clearly traced. The language spoken in the low countries of Scotland is now, and has been for many centuries, no other than a dialect of the English. How, indeed, or by what steps, the ancient Celtick tongue came to be banished from the low country in Scotland, and to make its retreat into the highlands and islands, cannot be so well pointed out, as how the like revolution was brought about in England.

8. Whether the southernmost part of Scotland was once subject to the Saxons, and formed a part of the kingdom of Northumberland, or whether the great number of English exiles that retreated into Scotland upon the Norman conquest, and upon other occasions, introduced into that country their own language, which afterward, by the mutual intercourse of the two nations, prevailed over the Celtick, are uncertain and

contested points, the discussion of which would lead us too far from our subject.

9. From what has been said, it appears that the Teutonic dialect is the basis of our present speech. It has been imported among us in three different forms: the Saxon, the Danish, and the Norman; all which have mingled together in our language. A very great number of our words too are plainly derived from the Latin. These we had not directly from the Latin, but most of them, it is probable, entered into our tongue through the channel of that Norman French, which William the Conqueror introduced.

10. For, as the Romans had long been in full possession of Gaul, the language spoken in that country, when it was invaded by the Franks and Normans, was a sort of corrupted Latin, mingled with Celtic, to which was given the name of Romanshe; and as the Franks and Normans did not, like the Saxons in England, expel the inhabitants, but, after their victories, mingled with them; the language of the country became a compound of the Teutonic dialect, imported by these conquerors, and of the former corrupted Latin.

11. Hence, the French language has always continued to have a very considerable affinity with the Latin; and, hence, a great number of words of Latin origin, which were in use among the Normans in France, were introduced into our tongue at the conquest; to which, indeed, many have since been added directly from the Latin, in consequence of the great diffusion of Roman literature throughout all Europe.—BLAIR.

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#### LESSON LXIV.

##### *Evils in Female Education.*

1. YOUNG ladies suffer from the habits of schools. Their exercise is much too limited. They walk out, it is true, but scarcely at a rate sufficient to warm their feet. Their time for amusement is too little; and full romping exercise, exercise which brings all the muscles into play, is discouraged.

2. It is *vulgar* to use the limbs as nature designed; it is *vulgar* to take the food which nature requires; and young ladies must not do any thing that is *vulgar*. Sitting, moreover, for hours at needlework, or in what are called accomplishments, they leave a numerous class of muscles wasting for want of exercise.

3. The muscles, of the back are especially enfeebled, and the spinal column in youth, comparatively soft and flexible, bends under the weight of the head and arms. The spine yields, because the muscles which closely connect the bones, and by their action keep them in a proper line, are too weak.

4. We are often asked, why are spinal complaints so common? We answer, that a principal cause is the want of full exercise; we say that young persons are obliged to acquire what is of little or no use in after life, while they neglect what is necessary to the establishment of the body in health and vigour; in short, we have daily to lament, that the muscular exercise is sacrificed to accomplishments and learning.

5. If it be asked, why are girls more subject to distortion than boys? The amusements of the boys are far more active than sedentary; those of the girls are more sedentary than active.

6. When girls leave the school, the same system of muscular quietism is enforced. They must keep up their accomplishments by practice. Several hours a day they must devote to musick, and, frequently, a considerable time to the more injurious occupation of drawing; most of the remaining day they spend in finger occupations.

7. Little time is devoted to exercise in the open air, and the exercise they *do* take, is such as to chill, rather than to invigorate the circulation. Need I add, that half the disorders of the young arise from the errors I have mentioned? Need I advert to remedies and preventions? They are obvious.

THACKRAH *on the Influence of Employment.*

## LESSON LXV.

### *March.*

1. THE stormy March is come at last,  
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies :  
I hear the rushing of the blast,  
That through the snowy valley flies.
2. Ah! passing few are they who speak,  
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee ;  
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,  
Thou art a welcome month to me.

3. For thou to northern lands again  
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,  
And thou hast joined the gentle train,  
And wearest the gentle name of spring.
4. And, in thy reign of blast and storm,  
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,  
When the changed winds are soft and warm,  
And heaven puts on the blue of May.
5. Then sing aloud the gushing rills,  
And the full springs from frost set free,  
That, brightly leaping down the hills,  
Are just set out to meet the sea.
6. The year's departing beauty hides,  
Of wintry storms, the sullen threat;  
But, in thy sternest frown, abides  
A look of kindly promise yet.
7. Thou bringest the hope of those calm skies,  
And that soft time of sunny showers,  
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,  
Seems of a brighter world than ours.—BRYANT.

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LESSON LXVI.

*April.*

1. WHEN the warm sun, that brings  
Seedtime and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.
2. I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretel  
The coming in of storms.
3. From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

place him. He believes in one Supreme Being, with all the mighty attributes which we ascribe to God; whom he denominates the *Great and Good Spirit*, and worships in a devout manner, and from whom he invokes blessings on himself and friends, and curses on his enemies.

4. Our Maker has left none of his intelligent creatures without a witness of himself. Long before the human mind is capable of a course of metaphysical reasoning upon the connexion which exists between cause and effect, a sense of Deity is inscribed upon it. It is a *revelation* which the Deity has made of himself to man, and which becomes more clear and intelligible, according to the manner and degree in which it is improved. In the Indian, whose mind has never been illumined by the light of science, it appears weak and obscure.

5. Those moral and political improvements, which are the pride and boast of man in polished society, and which result from mental accomplishments, the savage views with a jealous sense of conscious inferiority. Neither his reason, nor his invention, appears to have been exercised for the high and noble purposes of human excellence; and, while he pertinaciously adheres to traditional prejudices and passions, he improves upon those ideas only which he has received through the senses.

6. Unaided by any other light than that which he has received from the Father of lights, the Indian penetrates the dark curtain which separates time and eternity, and believes in the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body, not only of all mankind, but of all animated nature, and a state of future existence, of endless duration. It is, therefore, their general custom to bury with the dead, their bows, arrows, and spears, that they may be prepared to commence their course in another state.

7. Man is seldom degraded so low, but that he hopes, and believes, that death will not prove the extinction of his being. Is this a sentiment resulting from our fears or our passions? Or, rather, is it not the inspiration of the Almighty, which gives us this understanding, and which has been imparted to all the children of men? A firm belief in the immortality of the soul, with a devout sense of a general superintending power, essentially supreme, constitutes the fundamental article of the Indian's faith.

8. His reason, though never employed in high intellectual attainments and exertions, is less corrupted and perverted while he roams in his native forests, than in an unrestricted intercourse with civilized man. \* \* \* He beholds, in the rising

sun, the manifestation of divine goodness, and pursues the chase with a fearless and unshaken confidence in the protection of that great and good Spirit, whose watchful care is over all his works.

9. Let us not, then, attribute his views of an omniscient and omnipresent Being to the effect of a sullen pride of independence, and his moral sense of right and wrong to a heartless insensibility. Deprived, by the peculiarities of his situation, of those offices of kindness and tenderness which soften the heart, and sweeten the intercourse of life in a civilized state; we should consider him a being doomed to suffer the evils of the strongest and most vigorous passions, without the consolation of those divine and human virtues which dissipate our cares, and alleviate our sorrows.

10. It is now two hundred years since attempts have been made, and unceasingly persevered in, by the pious and benevolent, to civilize, and Christianize, the North American savage, until millions of those unfortunate beings, including many entire tribes, have become extinct. The few who remain within the precincts of civilized society, stand as human monuments of Gothick grandeur, fearful and tremulous amid the revolutions of time.

11. Neither the pride of rank, the allurements of honours, nor the hopes of distinction, can afford to the Indian a ray of comfort, or the prospect of better days. He contemplates the past as the returnless seasons of happiness and joy, and rushes to the wilderness as a refuge from the blandishments of art, and the pomp and show of polished society, to seek, in his native solitudes, the cheerless gloom of ruin and desolation.

NATIONAL (CINCINNATI) REPUBLICAN,

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## LESSON LXIX.

### *Description of Winter.*

[By the author of the Fall of the Indian.]

1. Hark to the voice of Winter! He hath laid  
His grasp on the wilderness, and tossed  
The shivering garments of the woods aloft,  
Forth to the warring elements. He rends  
The venerable oak, and moss green pine,  
And strews their splintered fragments in the dust.

2. Lo ! on the midnight tempest he hath flung  
His flowing mantle, and at morn the hills  
Are sprinkled with its snowy particles,  
And field, and precipice, and cottage roof.  
He gives the frost its message, and the brook  
That in the hollow valley runs its race,  
Halts in its pebbly channel, and its face  
Soon wears the fixed and stony gaze of death.
3. Then happy he who hath a cheerful home,  
And blazing fire, and pillow for his head ;  
For long and loud the pitiless tempest blows,  
And 'gainst the door and rattling casement knocks,  
Or up the chimney lifts its ruffian voice.
4. Yet beautiful art thou, Winter, and thy reign  
With many a merry frolick is made glad ;  
Fair are the woods, where bends the frozen bough,  
With many a bright festoon and garland white,  
And round the knotty trunk an icy crust  
Of thick transparent ice is firmly clasped.
5. Then on the lake, beneath the winter moon,  
The skaters sweep in many a mazy ring ;  
And many a loud tumultuous shout is raised  
As skips the ball along the polished ice,  
And down the neighbouring steep the boyish sled  
Cleaves in white furrows the unspotted snow.

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### LESSON LXX.

#### *Sketch of the History of Printing.*

1. THE business of transcribing the remains of Grecian and Roman literature became a useful, an innocent, and a pleasing employ to many of those, who, in the dark ages, would else have pined in the listless languor of monastick retirement. Exempt from the avocations of civil life, incapable of literary exertion from the want of books and opportunities of improvement, they devoted the frequent intervals of religious duty to the transcription of authors whom they often little understood.
2. The servile office of a mere copyist was not disdained by those who knew not to invent ; and the writers in the scrip-torium were inspired with an emulation to excel in the beauty

and variety of their illuminations, the fidelity of their copy, and the multitude of their performances.

3. But when every letter of every copy was to be formed by the immediate operation of the hand, the most persevering assiduity could effect but little. The books appear not to have been written with the rapidity of a modern transcriber, but with formal stiffness, or a correct elegance, equally inconsistent with expedition. They were, therefore, rare, and consequently much valued; and, whenever sold, were sold at a great price.

4. Few, indeed, but crowned and mitred heads, or incorporated communities, were able to procure a number sufficient to merit the appellation of a library; and even the boasted libraries of princes and prelates, were such as are now easily exceeded by every private collection.

5. To be poor, with whatever ability or inclination, was, at one time, an insurmountable obstacle to literary improvement; and, perhaps, we indulge an unreasonable acrimony in our general censure of monkish sloth and ignorance, not considering that an involuntary fault ceases to be blameable; that ignorance is necessary where the means of information are scarce; and that sloth is not to be avoided where the requisites of proper employment are not attainable without great expense, or earnest solicitation.

6. It was, perhaps, less with a view to obviate these inconveniences, than from the interested motives of deriving greater gain by exacting the usual price for copies, multiplied with more ease and expedition, that a new mode was at length practised, derived from the invention of the art of printing; a discovery which, of all those recorded in civil history, is of the most important and extensive consequence.

7. That the first productions of the press were intended to pass for manuscripts, we are led to conclude from the resemblance of the type to the written characters, from the omission of illuminations, which were to be supplied by the pen to facilitate the deception, and from the inventor's concealment of his process, so far as to incur suspicion of witchcraft or magic, by which alone the first observers could account for the extraordinary multiplication of the transcripts.

8. But the deceit was soon detected. The perfect resemblance in the shape of the letters, in the place and number of the words on every page; the singular correctness, and, above all, the numerous copies of the same author, inevitably led to a discovery of the truth.

9. To conceal it, indeed, was no longer desired, when experience had suggested the great lucrative advantages, and the

practicability of multiplying books, without end, by the process newly invented. It soon appeared, though it was not obvious at first, that the new mode would be more agreeable to the reader, as well as easier to the copyist, and that printed books would universally supersede the use of manuscripts, from a choice founded on judicious preference.

10. The art was soon professed as a trade ; and the business of copying, which had once afforded only amusement or gain to the curious and the idle, became the constant employment and support of a numerous tribe of artisans, and constituted a very considerable source of mercantile advantage.

11. Of an art, which, though it had yet acquired but small degrees of perfection, appeared of most extensive utility in religion, in politicks, in literature, and even in commerce, no labour has been spared to investigate the history ; but, unfortunately, the inquirers into the origin of arts, instigated by the zeal of minute curiosity to push their researches too far, often discover them so rude, obvious, and inartificial at their commencement, as to reflect very little honour on those whom they ostentatiously exhibit as the earliest inventors.

12. Such has been the result of the investigations of those, who, dissatisfied with the commonly received opinions on the date of the invention of printing, pretend to have discovered traces of it, many years before the first production of Faustus, in 1457 ; and it is true, that the *Speculum Salutis*, and a few other books are extant, which are, on good reasons, judged to have been stamped, not printed agreeable to the rules of art, long before the erection of a press at Mentz.

13. But the mode in which they were executed, like the Chinese, bears but little resemblance to the art of printing, properly so called ; it appears not, by any historical memoir, to have suggested the first hint of it, and is too imperfect to deserve notice as even the infant state of this momentous invention.

14. National pride, like the pride of individuals, is often founded on slight or dubious pretensions. Thus have Germany and Holland contended, with all the warmth of party, for the imaginary honour of giving birth to the inventor of printing ; who, after all, was probably led to the discovery, not by the enlarged views of publick utility, but by fortunate circumstances, concurring with the desire of private and pecuniary advantage.

15. But, though the history of printing, like all other histories, is in some degree obscure and doubtful at its earliest period ; though Strasburg has boasted of Mentel, and Haarlem of Coster, as the inventor ; yet is there great reason to

conclude, that the few arguments advanced in their favour are supported only by forgery and falsehood: and we may safely assert, with the majority of writers, and with the general voice of Europe, that the time of the invention was about the year 1440, the place Mentz, and the persons Gutenberg, Faustus, and Schaeffer, in conjunction.—V. KNOX.

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### LESSON LXXI.

#### *The Rose.*

1. THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,  
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;  
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,  
And weighed down its beautiful head.
2. The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,  
And it seemed to a fanciful view,  
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
On the flourishing bush where it grew.
3. I hastily seized it, unfit as it was  
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned;  
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.
4. And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part,  
Some act by the delicate mind,  
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
Already to sorrow resigned.
5. This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile:  
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,  
May be followed perhaps by a smile.—COWPER.

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### LESSON LXXII.

#### *Schemes of Life often Illusory.*

1. OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years  
in honour and prosperity. The favour of three successive  
califs had filled his house with gold and silver; and whenever

he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

2. Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy; and sought no other pleasure for the remains of life, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the good.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Calid, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late; he was beautiful and eloquent. Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," said Calid, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

4. "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in an hour of solitude, I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head, seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining; ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries.

5. "I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed, will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment; and shall never more be weary of myself.

6. "I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide: with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdad, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled

resolution, that I will never depend upon the smiles of princes ; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts ; I will never pant for publick honours, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

7. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour, and the most engaging pleasure ; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

8. "I now postponed my purpose of travelling ; for why should I go abroad while so much remained to be learned at home ? I immured myself for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The fame of my skill reached the judges ; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions ; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention ; I was consulted with confidence ; and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

9. "I still wished to see distant countries ; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers ; and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my soul with novelty : but my presence was always necessary ; and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude : but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

10. "In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past ; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in domestick pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the sixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement ; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from publick employment.

11. "Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement ; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city ; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried ; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdad."

DR. JOHNSON.

## LESSON LXXIII.

*Death of Prince William.*

1. HENRY I., king of England, had a son called William, a brave and active youth, who was arrived at his eighteenth year. The king loved him most tenderly, and took care to have him recognised as his successor by the states of England; and carried him over to Normandy, in the North of France, to receive the homage of the barons of that dutchy.

2. Having performed the requisite ceremony, the king set sail for England, accompanied by a splendid retinue of the principal nobility. William, his son, was detained by some accident for several hours; and the crew having spent the interval in drinking, became so intoxicated that they ran the ship upon a rock, and it was immediately dashed to pieces.

3. The prince was put into a boat, and might have escaped had he not been called back by the cries of his sister. He prevailed upon the sailors to row back and take her in; but no sooner had the boat approached the wreck, than numbers, who had been left, jumped into it, and the whole were drowned. King Henry, when he heard of the death of his son, fainted away; and from that moment, *he never smiled again.*

## LESSON LXXIV.

*He Never Smiled Again.*

1. THE bark that held a prince went down,  
The sweeping waves rolled on,  
And what was England's glorious crown  
To him that wept a son?  
He lived, for life may long be borne  
Ere sorrow break its chain;  
Why comes not death to those who mourn?  
He never smiled again.

2. There stood proud forms around his throne,  
The stately, and the brave;  
But which could fill the place of one?  
That one beneath the wave.

Before him passed the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's reckless train ;  
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair ;  
 He never smiled again.

3. He sat where festal bow's went round ;  
 He heard the minstrel sing ;  
 He saw the tourney's victor crowned,  
 Amid the knightly ring.  
 A murmur of the restless deep  
 Was blent with every strain ;  
 A voice of winds that would not sleep ;  
 He never smiled again.

4. Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace  
 Of vows once fondly poured ;  
 And strangers took the kinsman's place  
 At many a joyous board.  
 Graves which true love had bathed with tears,  
 Were left to heaven's bright rain ;  
 Fresh hopes were born for other's years ;  
 He never smiled again.—MRS. HEMANS.

## LESSON LXXV.

### *Attraction.*

1. **Attraction** is that property of matter by which bodies and their parts tend to approximate and to unite with each other. Though we know not the cause of attraction, we can discover its effects, viz. in the cohesion of the particles of bodies, and in the tendency of bodies, generally, to fall toward the earth. There are several kinds of attraction ; as, the attraction of *cohesion*, of *gravitation*, of *electricity*, of *magnetism*, and *chymical attraction*. It is, however, only with the attraction of cohesion and gravitation that we are at present concerned.

2. "The *attraction of cohesion* is that by which the constituent particles of bodies are kept together. By this principle they preserve their forms and are prevented from falling to pieces." This attraction takes place between bodies only when they are very near to each other, apparently in contact. Thus, when two drops of water or other fluid be placed near each other, they will run together and form one large drop. If

pieces of lead, plates of glass, or other bodies, having a smooth, flat surface, be pressed closely together, they will adhere so firmly as to require a considerable force to separate them.

3. "It is probably owing to the various degrees of cohesion that some bodies are hard, and others soft; that some are in a solid, others in a fluid state." Those bodies whose particles are most intimately united, cohere with the greatest force and exhibit the most indissoluble texture, the most unyielding tenacity. Heat has a considerable influence upon the cohesive powers of bodies; and, if increased to a certain degree, it will throw the particles of bodies out of the sphere of each other's attraction. Thus, the particles of water cohere; but when heated so as to boil, they go off in steam. The same is observable of other bodies.

4. "It is the attraction of cohesion which restores to steam and to vapour its liquid form; which unites into drops of rain the misty particles of the dissolving clouds; which, also, collects from the humid atmosphere that moisture which settles in the form of dew." The terms *cohesive*, *adhesive*, and *capillary* attraction, are, in many instances, used indiscriminately; though the two latter are used in a more restricted sense. *Adhesion* denotes that attraction which exists between contiguous particles of different bodies; and *capillary* attraction, that power by which fluids are attracted up capillary tubes.

5. Water will ascend small capillary tubes nearly or quite to the top. It will also ascend the pores of a sponge, or any other porous substance, which is caused by the water's being attracted by that substance. It is probably by this power that the watery juices are made to ascend the pores of vegetables, and also, that water is drawn to the tops of the highest mountains, from which it issues in springs and flows down. The *attraction of gravitation* is that force by which bodies at a distance are drawn toward each other; though, in a more restricted sense, it is used to express that force by which all bodies near the surface of the earth are drawn toward its centre.

6. The attraction of gravitation operates on bodies or collective masses of matter; whereas cohesion takes place chiefly between particles of the same body. Gravitation takes place between all bodies, though ever so remote from each other; while cohesion affects such only as are near and apparently contiguous. Although gravitation acts upon all the particles of bodies, as well as on the collective masses, yet bodies of a hard or solid form, by means of their cohesion, so far resist the effects of gravitation as to retain their figure.

7. As all the particles of bodies possess attraction, the more particles exist in a given body the greater will be its attracting power. Hence it appears, that the attractive power of any body is proportional to its quantity of matter. The earth consisting of a much greater quantity of matter than any body in its vicinity, the force of its attraction must, of course, far exceed that of any body on or near its surface. Consequently, bodies near the earth, if unsupported, fall to the ground.

8. Bodies near the earth's surface, if supported, press upon the object which prevents their fall with a force equal to that with which they gravitate toward the earth. This force, or downward tendency of a body, is usually termed its *weight*, and is proportional to its quantity of matter. Though all bodies, at a given distance, attract each other with a force directly proportional to the quantity of matter or number of particles they contain, yet, this force, in bodies of a given quantity, varies according to their distances. The nearer bodies approach each other the more powerfully they attract.

9. Hence it is found, that the power of gravity is greatest at the surface of the earth; that bodies high in the atmosphere are acted upon less the farther they are removed from its surface. It has also been proved, that the force of gravity diminishes downward from the earth's surface to its centre, where it is nothing. By the power of gravitation all bodies elevated above the earth will, if not supported by other bodies, fall to its surface in a direct course toward its centre. By the same power all bodies on the earth, having a tendency toward its centre, are kept steady on its surface.

10. Though it must require a greater attractive force to move a large mass of matter than a smaller one, yet each mass, being attracted by a force exactly proportional to its quantity, will be equally impelled by such force. Hence, all bodies at equal distances from the earth will fall with equal velocities. It was, indeed, formerly thought that smoke, steam, &c., possessed no weight, no gravitating powers; but later experiments have shown that these are equally obedient to the general law as bodies more dense, and that it is owing to the density of the atmosphere that such light bodies ascend, or are prevented from falling.

11. Were falling bodies moved only by one impulse from attraction, the power of gravity not continuing to act on them during their descent, they would fall, from whatever height, with the same equable or uniform motion through their whole course, passing through equal spaces in equal times. But falling bodies do not move in this manner. They fall with

*accelerated, i. e. continually increased velocities.* "This accelerated motion is produced by the constant action of gravity, which, by adding a new impulse at every instant, gives an additional velocity every particle of time."

12. Bodies thrown perpendicularly upward move with a *retarded* velocity: the same gravity which would accelerate their descent retards their motion upward, till, overcoming the force with which they were thrown up, they will return to the earth in a length of time equal to that of their ascent. As all bodies gravitate toward the earth, so the earth itself gravitates equally towards all bodies. We do not, indeed, see it moving towards falling bodies, because the earth, being immensely larger than any bodies on its surface, its motion must be infinitely small in comparison with theirs.

13. "It is observable that though bodies gravitate toward the earth's centre, it is not any thing at the centre that causes this attraction. The whole mass of the earth is the attracting body, and the cause of weight. Gravity is a universal principle: it is that which, in the hands of the Creator, first formed, and still maintains the earth in a globular shape: it is that which preserves every thing, animate and inanimate, on its surface."

14. It is this attraction of gravitation, distributed through the planetary world, that keeps all those large bodies in their proper orbits, and preserves them from running into disorder. This evidently manifests the wisdom of God in the plan of the universe. Nothing less than infinite Wisdom could have invented this plan, and nothing less than almighty Power could have put it in operation.—JUVENILE PHILOSOPHER.

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## LESSON LXXVI.

### *America.*

1. HERE the free spirit of mankind at length  
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place  
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,  
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.  
 For, like the comet's way through infinite space,  
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light  
 Into the depths of ages: we may trace,  
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,  
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

2. Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,  
 And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain  
 To earth her struggling multitude of states;  
 She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain  
 Against them, but shake off the vampire train  
 That batten on her blood, and break their net.  
 Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain  
 The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set  
 To rescue and raise up, draws near, but is not yet.

3. But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,  
 But with thy children; thy maternal care,  
 Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all;  
 These are thy fetters; seas and stormy air  
 Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where  
 Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,  
 Thou laughest at enemies: who shall then declare  
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell  
 How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell.  
 BRYANT.

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## LESSON LXXVII.

### *The Torrid and Frigid Zones.*

1. How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarce confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal.

2. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent over the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs, and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See! where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold, or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked woods.

3. Yet, not disheartened, (such is the force of human breasts,) but thus provided for, by art and prudence, the kind, compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For at length the sun, approaching, melts the snow,

sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold.

4. It breaks the icy fetters of the main; where vast sea-monsters pierce through floating islands, with arms which can withstand the crystal rock; while others, who, of themselves, seem great as islands, are by their bulk alone armed against all but man; whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and force, should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great Composer of these wondrous frames, and Author of his own superiour wisdom.

5. But, leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for those happier regions on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find! His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire which burns within their panting breasts. Their bodies melt. Overcome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favoured by which the men and beasts pursue their labours; and plants, refreshed by dews and showers, can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.—SHAFTESBURY,

## LESSON LXXVIII.

### *Religion.*

1. We pity a man who has no religion in his heart, no high and irresistible yearnings after a better, holier existence; who is contented with the sensuality and grossness of earth; whose spirit never revolts at the darkness of his prison house, nor exalts at the thought of its final emancipation. We pity him, for he affords no evidence of his high origin, no manifestation of that intellectual prerogative which renders him a delegated lord of the visible creation,

2. He can rank no higher than animal nature; the spiritual could never stoop so lowly. To seek for beastly excitements; to minister with a bountiful hand to strange and depraved appetites, are the attributes of the animal alone. To limit our hopes and aspirations to this life and world, is like remaining for ever

in the place of our birth, without ever lifting the veil of the horizon which bent over our infancy.

3. There is religion in every thing around us, a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes, it has no terror; no gloom in its approaches. It has to rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man.

4. It is fresh from the hands of the Author; and growing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit which pervades and quickens it. It looks out from every star. It is among the hills and valleys of earth; where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter; or where the mighty frost fluctuates before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage.

5. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is that uplifts the spirit within it, until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation, which breaks, link after link, the chains that bind us to mortality; and which opens to imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness,

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

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## LESSON LXXIX.

### *Rural Charms.*

1. SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!  
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain;  
Where smiling spring its earliest visits paid,  
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delayed;  
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease!  
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please!
2. How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made.

3. How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play;  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed!  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And slights of art, and feats of strength went round;  
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
4. The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down;  
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place:  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love;  
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.
5. Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below.
6. The swain, responsive as the milk-maid sung;  
The sober herd, that lowed to meet her young;  
The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;  
The playful children, just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whisp'ring wind;  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:  
These all, in soft confusion, sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH.

## LESSON LXXX.

*Washington's Love to his Mother.*

1. IMMEDIATELY after the organization of the present government, General Washington repaired to Fredericksburg to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her:

2. "The people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of these United States; but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the publick business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I will hasten to Virginia, and"—

3. Here the matron interrupted. "My son, you will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long of the world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you: go, my son, and may that Heaven's, and your mother's blessing, be with you always."

4. The president was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly, encircled his neck. That brow, on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman senate in its Fabrician day, was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of the venerable matron.

5. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the paternal mansion, and the days of his youth, and there the centre of attraction was his mother; whose care, instructions, and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part with, to meet no more.

6. The matron's predictions were true. The disease which so long had preyed upon her frame completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

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## LESSON LXXXI.

### *Portrait of a Worldly Woman.*

1. A WOMAN has spent her youth without the practice of any remarkable virtue, or the commission of any thing which is flagrantly wrong; and she is now united with a man, whose moral endowments are not more distinguished than her own, but who is industrious, rich, and prosperous. Against the con-

nexion she had no objection ; and it is what her friends entirely approved.

2. His standing in life is respectable ; and they both pass along without scandal, but without much approbation of their own consciences, and without any loud applause from others ; for the love of the world is the principle which predominates in their bosoms ; and the world never highly praises its own votaries.

3. She is not absolutely destitute of the external appearance of religion ; for she constantly attends church in the afternoon, unless she is detained by her guests ; and in the morning, unless she is kept at home by a slight indisposition, or unfavourable weather, which she supposes happens more frequently on Sundays than other days, and which, it must be confessed, are several degrees less inconvenient and less unpleasant than similar causes, which prevent her from going to a party of pleasure.

4. This, however, is the end of her religion, such as it is ; for, when she is at church, she does not think herself under obligations to attend to what is passing there, and to join in the worship of her Maker. She cannot, with propriety, be called a woman professing godliness ; for she makes no publick profession of love to her Saviour : she does only what is customary ; and she would do still less if the omission were decorous.

5. Of domestick religion there is not even a semblance. As her husband does not think proper to pray with his family, so she does not think proper to pray with her children, or to instruct them in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. On the Gospel, however, no ridicule nor contempt is cast ; and twice or thrice in a year, thanks are given to God at her table ; that is, when a minister of religion is one of her guests.

6. No time being consumed in devotion, much is left for the care of her house, to which she attends with worldly discretion. Her husband is industrious in acquiring wealth, and she is equally industrious in spending it in such a manner as to keep up a genteel appearance. She is prudent in managing her affairs, and suffers nothing to be wasted through thoughtlessness. In a word, she is a reasonable economist ; and there is a loud call, though she is affluent, that she should be so, as her expenses are necessarily great.

7. But she is an economist, not for the indigent, but for herself ; not that she may increase her means of doing good, but that she may adorn her person, and the persons of her children, with gold, and pearls, and costly array ; not that she may

make a feast for the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, but that she may make a dinner or a supper for her rich neighbours, who will bid her again.

8. Though the preparations for these expensive dining and evening parties are more irksome than the toils of the common labourer, yet she submits to them with readiness; for she loves the world, and she loves the approbation which she hopes the world will bestow on the brilliancy of her decorations, and the exquisite taste of her high-seasoned viands and delicious wines. For this reputation she foregoes the pleasure which she would feel in giving bread to the fatherless, and in kindling the cheerful fire on the hearth of the aged widow. Thus, though she has many guests at her board, yet she is not hospitable; and, though she gives much away, yet she is not charitable; for she gives to those who stand in no need of her gifts.

9. I call not this woman completely selfish; for she loves her family. She is sedulous in conferring on her daughters a polite education, and in settling them in the world as respectably as she is established herself. For her sons she is still more anxious; because the sons of the rich are too much addicted to extravagance; and she is desirous to preserve them from dissipations, which would tarnish the good name that she would have them enjoy in the world, and which, above all, would impair their fortunes.

10. But here her affection terminates. She loves nothing out of the bosom of her own family: for the poor and the wretched she has no regard. It is not strictly accurate to say, that she bestows nothing on them; because she sometimes gives in public charities, when it would not be decent to withhold her donations; and she sometimes gives more privately, when she is warmly solicited, and when all her friends and neighbours give: but, in both cases, she concedes her alms with a cold and unwilling mind. She considers it in the same light as her husband views the taxes which he pays to the government, as a debt which must be discharged, but from which she would be glad to escape.

11. As a rational woman, however, must not be supposed to conduct herself without reason, she endeavours to find excuses for her omissions. Her first and great apology is, that she has poor relations to provide for. In this apology there is truth. Mortifying as she feels it to be, it must be confessed that she is clogged with indigent connexions, who are allowed to come to her house when she has no apprehension that they will be seen by her wealthy visitants.

12. As it would be a gross violation of decency, and wha

every one would condemn as monstrous, for her to permit them to starve when she is so able to relieve them, she does, indeed, bestow something on them; but she gives it sparingly, reluctantly, and haughtily. She flatters herself, however, that she has now done every thing which can with justice be demanded of her, and that other indigent persons have not a claim on her bounty.

13. Another apology is, that the poor are vicious, and do not deserve her beneficence. By their idleness and intemperance they have brought themselves to poverty. They have little regard to truth; and, though it must be allowed that their distress is not altogether imaginary, yet they are ever disposed to exaggerate their sufferings. While they are ready to devour one another, they are envious toward the rich, and the kindness of their benefactors they commonly repay with ingratitude.

14. To justify these charges she can produce many examples; and she deems that they are sufficient excuses for her want of humanity. But she forgets, in the mean while, that the Christian woman, who sincerely loves God and her neighbour, in imitation of her heavenly Father, is kind to the evil as well as the good, to the unthankful as well as the grateful.

FREEMAN.

## LESSON LXXXII.

### *Elegy to Pity.*

1. HAIL, lovely power! whose bosom heaves the sigh,  
When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;  
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,  
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.
2. Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey  
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare;  
Nor dewdrops glitt'ring in the morning ray,  
Seem ne'er so beauteous as that falling tear.
3. Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;  
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies:  
No blood-stained traces mark thy blameless way;  
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.
4. Come, lovely nymph, and range the mead with me,  
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe;

From secret snares the struggling bird to free;  
And stop the hand upraised to give the blow.

5. And when the air with heat meridian glows,  
And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam,  
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,  
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

6. Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,  
To me thy sympathetick gifts impart;  
Teach me in friendship's grief to bear a share,  
And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

7. Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief;  
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;  
To mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief;  
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

8. So when the genial spring of life shall fade,  
And sinking nature own the dread decay,  
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,  
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

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### LESSON LXXXIII.

*Lincs on the Death of my much loved Infant.*

1. I LAID my hands upon her brow and it was damp and cold,  
Her deep blue eye was glazed and fixed, the fearful tale  
was told;

I gently pressed her little lips, I felt her parting breath,  
I gazed upon her little face, I asked can this be death?

2. I laid her little body down, the vital spark had fled;  
I gazed again upon my child, the lovely, and the dead:  
And that dear little face was there, so peaceful and so mild;  
I could not wish her back again; but, ah, she was my child!

3. Ah, could I mourn, her little heart no longer heaved with pain;  
That sickness could no more distress, nor fever parch again;  
That she now drank from that pure stream whence living  
fountains flow,  
Escaped from life's dread buffeting, its sorrows and its wo!

4. No: though a bud of promise, thou, my bright my precious one;  
And though my heart had well nigh burst, when death his work had done;  
And though full many a weary hour thy infant smiles beguiled,  
I would not wish thee back again, *my child, my lovely child!*
5. No: to thy mother's fostering arms thou wast but lent, not given;  
And thou hast early found thy way into thy native heaven;  
Now in the bosom of thy God, from every sorrow free,  
I would not wish thee back again, but I would go to thee.  
CHARLOTTE.

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LESSON LXXXIV.

*The Land of our Birth.*

1. THERE is not a spot in this wide peopled earth,  
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth:  
'Tis the home of our childhood! the beautiful spot  
Which mem'ry retains when all is forgot.  
    May the blessing of God  
    Ever hallow the sod,  
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.
2. Can the language of strangers, in accent unknown,  
Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own?  
The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,  
But it breathes not the tones of our dear native land.  
    There's no spot on earth  
    Like the land of our birth,  
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!
3. How sweet is the language which taught us to blend  
The dear names of parent, of husband, and friend;  
Which taught us to hush on our mother's soft breast,  
The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest.  
    May the blessing of God  
    Ever hallow the sod,  
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.  
SOUTHERN CLARION.

LESSON LXXXV.

*The Dying Man to his Watch.*

1. Token of a sainted mother,  
By her dying hand bestowed,  
Oft have I, by thee admonished,  
Turned my feet in duty's road.  
Oft I've sought the shrine of pleasure,  
Oft in prayer I've bowed the knee;  
But by light or gloom surrounded,  
Each event was marked by thee.
2. Time its ceaseless finger tracing,  
O'er thy ever-changing face,  
Tells of life that's quickly fleeting,  
And of hours that wear apace:  
All my hours on thee are noted,  
Every moment as it passed;  
And, still faithful, thou art pointing  
To my dying hour at last.
3. Oft I've blamed thy tardy movements,  
When some favourite bliss was nigh;  
When my pulse with hope was beating,  
As the future lured my eye;  
When bright pleasure shone around me,  
And the scene was all delight,  
I have murmured at thy fleetness,  
And condemned thy speedy flight.
4. Though my pulse is wildly throbbing,  
Yet unchanged and calm thou art,  
And thy movements will not vary ..  
When Death's fingers grasp my heart.  
Thy hand will mark that coming moment,  
Soon to seal my earthly doom;  
Nor pause when loud the bell resounding,  
Toll's a death knell o'er my tomb.—CORA.

LITERARY GAZETTE.

## LESSON LXXXVI.

*The Journey of a Day. A Picture of Human Life.*

1. OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew from groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increased heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

4. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

5. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the musick of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

6. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path,

which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

7. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

8. In these amusements the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not toward what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

9. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

10. He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

11. Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper.

12. He advanced toward the light, and finding that it pro-

ceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

13. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

14. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest.

15. "In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security.

16. "Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for a while, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications.

17. "By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

18. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one

effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR. JOHNSON.

## LESSON LXXXVII.

### *Steam-boats on the Mississippi.*

1. THE advantage of steam-boats, great as it is every where, can no where be appreciated as on the Mississippi. The distant points of the Ohio and Mississippi used to be separated from New Orleans by an internal obstruction, far more formidable in the passing than the Atlantick. If I may use a hard word, they are now brought into *juxtaposition*.

2. To feel what an invention this is for these regions, one must have seen and felt, as I have seen and felt, the difficulty and danger of forcing a boat against the current of these mighty rivers, on which a progress of ten miles in a day is a good one. Indeed, those huge and unwieldy boats, the barges in which a great proportion of the articles from New Orleans used to be transported to the upper country, required twenty or thirty hands to work them.

3. I have seen them, day after day, on the lower portions of the Mississippi, where there was no other way of working them up than carrying out a cable half a mile in length, in advance of the barge, and fastening it to a tree. The hands on board then draw it up to the tree. While this is transacting, another yawl, still in advance of that, has ascended to a higher tree, and made another cable fast to it, to be ready to be drawn upon as soon as the first is coiled. This is the most dangerous and fatiguing way of all, and six miles' advance in a day is good progress.

4. It is now refreshing, and imparts a feeling of energy and power to the beholder, to see the large and beautiful steam-boats scudding up the eddies, as though on the wing, and, when they have run out the eddy, strike the current. The foam bursts in a sheet quite over the deck. She quivers for a moment with the concussion; and then, as though she had collected her

energy, and vanquished her enemy, she resumes her stately march, and mounts against the current, five or six miles an hour.

5. I have travelled in this way, for days together, more than a hundred miles in a day, against the current of the Mississippi. The difficulty of ascending used to be the only circumstance of a voyage that was dreaded in the anticipation. This difficulty now disappears. A family in Pittsburgh wishes to make a social visit to a kindred family on Red river. The trip is but two thousand miles. They all go together; servants, baggage, or "plunder," as the phrase is, to any amount. In twelve days they reach the point proposed.

6. Even the return is but a short voyage. Surely the people of this country will have to resist strong temptations, if they do not become a social people. You are invited to a breakfast at seventy miles' distance. You go on board the passing steam-boat, and awake in the morning in season for your appointment. The day will probably come, when the inhabitants of the warm and sickly regions of the lower points of the Mississippi will take their periodical migrations to the north, with the geese and swans of the gulf, and with them return in the winter.

7. A sea-voyage, after all that can be said in its favour, is a very different thing from all this. The barren and boundless expanse of waters soon tires upon every eye but a seaman's. I say nothing of fastening tables, and holding fast to beds, or inability to write or to cook. I leave out of sight sea-sickness, and the danger of descending to those sea-green caves, of which poetry has so much to say. Here you are always near the shore, always see the green earth, can always eat, write, and sleep, undisturbed. You can always obtain cream, fowls, vegetables, fruit, wild game; and, in my mind, there is no kind of comparison between the comforts and discomforts of a sea and river voyage.

8. A stranger to this mode of travelling would find it difficult to describe his impressions upon first descending the Mississippi in one of the better steam-boats. He contemplates the prodigious establishment, with all its fitting of deck common, and ladies' cabin apartments. Over head, about him, and below him, all is life and movement. He sees its splendid cabin, richly carpeted, its finishing of mahogany, its mirrors and fine furniture, its bar-room, and sliding-tables, to which eighty passengers can sit down with comfort.

9. The fare is sumptuous, and every thing in a style of splendour, order, quiet, and regularity, far exceeding that of taverns in general. You read, you converse, you walk, you sleep, as you choose; for custom has prescribed that every

thing shall be without ceremony. The varied and verdant scenery shifts around you. The trees, the green islands, have an appearance, as by enchantment, of moving by you. The river-fowl, with their white and extended lines, are wheeling their flight above you.

10. The sky is bright. The river is dotted with boats above you, beside, and below you. You hear the echo of their bugles reverberating from the woods. Behind the wooded point, you see the ascending column of smoke rising above the trees, which announces that another steam-boat is approaching you. This moving pageant glides through a narrow passage between the main shore and an island, thick set with young cotton woods, so even, so regular, and beautiful, that they seem to have been planted for a pleasure ground.

11. As you shoot out again into the broad stream, you come in view of a plantation, with all its busy and cheerful accompaniments. At other times, you are sweeping along, for many leagues together, where either shore is a boundless and pathless wilderness. And the contrast, which is thus so strongly forced upon the mind, of the highest improvement and the latest invention of art, with the most lonely aspect of a grand but desolate nature; the most striking and complete assemblage of splendour and comfort, the cheerfulness of a floating hotel, which carries, perhaps, two hundred guests, with a wild and uninhabited forest, one hundred miles in width, the abode only of owls, bears, and noxious animals; this strong contrast produces, to me, at least, something of the same pleasant sensation that is produced by lying down to sleep with the rain pouring on the roof immediately over head.—T. FLINT.

## LESSON LXXXVIII.

### *Advantages of Studying History.*

1. If we consider the knowledge of history with regard to its application, we shall find that it is eminently useful to us in three respects, namely, as it appears in a *moral*, a *political*, and a *religious* point of view.

2. In a moral point of view, it is beneficial to mankind at large, as the guide of their conduct. In a political, as it suggests useful expedients to those who exercise the publick offices of the state; or as it enables us to form, by comparison with those who have gone before them, a just estimate of their

merits. In a religious, as it teaches us to regard the Supreme Being as the governour of the universe, and sovereign disposer of all events.

3. The faculties of the soul are improved by exercise; and nothing is more proper to enlarge, to quicken, and to refine them, than a survey of the conduct of mankind. History supplies us with a detail of facts, and submits them to examination before we are called into active life. By observation and reflection upon others, we begin an early acquaintance with human nature, extend our views of the moral world, and are enabled to acquire such a habit of discernment, and correctness of judgement, as others obtain only by experience.

4. By meditating on the lives of sages and heroes, we exercise our virtues in a review, and prepare them for approaching action. We learn the motives, the opinions, and the passions of the men who lived before us; and the fruit of that study is a more perfect knowledge of ourselves, and a correction of our failings by their examples.

5. Experience and the knowledge of history reflect mutual light, and afford mutual assistance. Without the former, no one can act with address and dexterity. Without the latter, no one can add to the natural resources of his own mind a knowledge of those precepts and examples which have tended to form the character and promote the glory of eminent men. History contributes to divest us of many illiberal prejudices, by enlarging our acquaintance with the world. It sets us at liberty from that blind partiality to our native country, which is a sure mark of a contracted mind, when due merit is not allowed to any other.

6. This study, likewise, tends to strengthen our abhorrence of vice; and creates a relish for true greatness and solid glory. We see the hero and the philosopher represented in their proper colours; and as magnanimity, honour, integrity, and generosity, when displayed in illustrious instances, naturally make a favourable impression on our minds, our attachment to them is gradually formed. The fire of enthusiasm and of virtuous emulation is lighted, and we long to practise what we have been instructed to approve.

7. The love of our country naturally awakens in us a spirit of curiosity to inquire into the conduct of our ancestors, and to learn the memorable events of their history. Nothing that happened to them can be a matter of indifference to us. We are their descendants, we reap the fruits of their publick and private labours, and we not only share the inheritance of their property, but derive reputation from their noble actions.

8. History, considered with respect to the nature of its subjects, may be divided into *general* and *particular*; and with respect to time, into *ancient* and *modern*. Ancient history commences with the creation, and extends to the reign of Charlemagne, in the year of our Lord eight hundred. Modern history, beginning with that period, reaches down to the present times. General history relates to nations and publick affairs, and may be subdivided into ecclesiastical and civil, or according to some writers, into sacred and profane. Biography, memoirs, and letters, constitute particular history. Statisticks refer to the present condition of nations. Geography and chronology are important aids, and give order, regularity, and clearness to all.—KETT.

### LESSON LXXXIX.

#### *Diversity in the Human Character.*

1. VIRTUOUS and vicious every man must be,  
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;  
The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise,  
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
  
2. 'Tis but by part we follow good or ill,  
For vice, or virtue, self directs it still;  
Each individual seeks a several goal;  
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole;  
That counterworks each folly and caprice;  
That disappoints the effect of every vice;  
That happy frailties to all ranks applied;  
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,  
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,  
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief,  
That virtue's end from vanity can raise,  
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;  
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,  
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
  
3. Heaven, forming each on other to depend,  
A master, or a servant, or a friend,  
Bids each on other for assistance call,  
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.  
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally  
The common interest, or endear the tie.

To those we owe true friendship, love sincere,  
 Each homefelt joy that life inherits here;  
 Yet from the same, we learn in its decline,  
 Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign.  
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

4. What'e'r the passion, knowledge, fame, or self,  
 Not one would change his neighbour with himself.  
 The learned is happy, nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,  
 The poor contents him with the care of heaven.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot a hero, lunatick a king;  
 The starving chymist in his golden views  
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

5. See some strange comfort every state attend,  
 And pride, bestowed on all, a common friend;  
 See some fit passion every age supply,  
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

6. Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;  
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight;  
 A little louder, but as empty quite;  
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And cards and counters are the toys of age;  
 Pleased with this bawble still, as that before;  
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

7. Meanwhile opinion gilds, with varying rays,  
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;  
 Each want of happiness by hope supplied,  
 And each vacuity of sense by pride.  
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy:  
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy:  
 One prospect lost, another still we gain,  
 And not a vanity is given in vain:  
 E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,  
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.  
 See, and confess, one comfort still must rise;  
 'Tis this: though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

Pope.

## LESSON XC.

*The Sleepers.*

1. **They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?**  
Children, wearied with their play;  
For the stars of night are peeping,  
And the sun hath sunk away.  
As the dew upon the blossoms  
Bow them on their slender stem,  
So, as light as their own bosoms,  
Balmy sleep hath conquered them.
2. **They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?**  
Mortals, compassed round with wo,  
Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,  
Close for very weakness now:  
And that short relief from sorrow,  
Harassed nature shall sustain,  
Till they wake again to-morrow,  
Strengthened to contend with pain!
3. **They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?**  
Captives, in their gloomy cells;  
Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,  
With their many-coloured spells.  
All they love, again they clasp them;  
Feel again their long-lost joys;  
But the haste with which they grasp them,  
Every fairy form destroys.
4. **They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?**  
Misers, by their hoarded gold;  
And in fancy now are heaping  
Gems and pearls of price untold.  
Golden chains their limbs encumber,  
Diamonds seem before them strown;  
But they waken from their slumber,  
And the splendid dream is flown.
5. **They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?**  
Pause a moment, softly tread;  
Anxious friends are fondly keeping  
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken,  
 One remains, that slumber deep  
 Speak not, lest the slumberer waken  
 From that sweet, that saving sleep.

6. They are sleeping! Who are sleeping?  
 Thousands, who have passed away,  
 From a world of wo and weeping,  
 To the regions of decay!  
 Safe they rest, the green turf under;  
 Sighing breeze, or musick's breath,  
 Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,  
 Cannot break the sleep of death!

MRS. M. A. BROWNE.

## LESSON XCI.

### *Cypress Swamps of the Mississippi.*

1. BEYOND the lakes there are immense swamps of cypress, which swamps constitute a vast proportion of the inundated lands of the Mississippi and its waters. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. The poetick Styx or Acheron had not a greater union of dismal circumstances. Well may the cypress have been esteemed a funereal and lugubrious tree.

2. When the tree has shed its leaves, for it is a deciduous tree, a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches of a hoary gray, has an aspect of desolation and death, that, often as I have been impressed with it, I cannot describe. In summer its fine, short, and deep green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of crape.

3. The water in which they grow is a vast and dead level, two or three feet deep, still leaving the innumerable cypress "knees," as they are called, or very elliptical trunks, resembling circular bee-hives, throwing their points above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff-velvet. The moschetoes swarm above the water in countless millions.

4. A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery is the moccasin snake, with his huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side of a cypress knee; and, if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself.

5. I travelled forty miles along this river swamp, and a considerable part of the way in the edge of it; in which the horse sunk, at every step, half up to his knees. I was enveloped, for the whole distance, with a cloud of moschetoes. Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird, in the whole distance, except the blue jay. Nothing interrupted the death-like silence, but the hum of moschetoes.

6. There cannot be well imagined another feature to the gloom of these vast and dismal forests, to finish this kind of landscape, more in keeping with the rest, than the long moss, or Spanish beard; and this funereal drapery attaches itself to the cypress in preference to any other tree. There is not, that I know, an object in nature, which produces such a number of sepulchral images as the view of the cypress forests, all shagged, dark, and enveloped in hanging festoons of moss.

7. If you would inspire an inhabitant of New England, possessed of the customary portion of feeling, with the degree of home-sickness which would strike to the heart, transfer him instantly from the hill and dale, the bracing air and varied scenery of the north, to the cypress swamps of the South, that are covered with the long moss.

8. This curious appendage to the trees is first visible in the cypress swamps at about thirty-three degrees, and is seen thence to the gulf. It is the constant accompaniment of the trees in deep bottoms and swampy lands, and seems to be an indication of the degree of humidity in the atmosphere. I have observed that, in dry and hilly pine woods, far from streams and stagnant waters, it almost wholly disappears; but in the pine woods it re-appears as you approach bottoms, streams, and swamps. I have remarked too, that, where it so completely envelops the cypress as to show nothing but the festoons of the dark gray moss, other trees are wholly free from it. It seems less inclined to attach itself to the cotton-wood trees than to any other.

9. This moss is a plant of the parasitical species, being propagated by seed, which forms in a capsule that is preceded by a very minute, but beautiful purple flower. Although, when the trees that have cast their leaves are covered with it, they look as if they were dead, yet the moss will not live long on a dead tree. It is well known that this moss, when managed by a process like that of preparing hemp, or flax, separates from its bark, and the black fibre that remains is not unlike horse-hair, elastick, incorruptible, and an admirable and cheap article for mattresses, of which are formed most of the beds of the southern people of this region.—T. FLINT.

## LESSON XCII.

*On Visiting a Scene of Childhood.*

I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth,  
where are they?' and Echo answered, 'Where are they?'

1. Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,  
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green  
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I strayed  
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.
2. I thought of the friends who had roamed with me there,  
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair;  
All scattered! all sundered by mountain and wave,  
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!
3. I thought of the green banks, that circled around,  
With wild-flowers, and sweet-brier, and eglantine crowned:  
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright,  
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night:
4. And I thought of the trees under which we had strayed,  
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade  
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find  
Of the names, and the carvings, impressed on the rind.
5. All eager, I hastened, the scene to behold,  
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;  
And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should explore  
This refuge, this haunt, this elysium of yore.
6. 'Twas a dream! not a token or trace could I view,  
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:  
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,  
"Like a tale that is told," they had vanished away.
7. And methought the lone river that murmured along,  
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,  
Since the birds, that had nestled and warbled above,  
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.
8. I paused: and the moral came home to my heart:  
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart!

Our visions are baseless, our hopes but a gleam,  
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream.

9. Then, oh, let us look, let our prospects allure,  
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure  
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime  
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruins of Time.  
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,

### LESSON XCIII.

#### *The Old Man's Funeral,*

1. I SAW an aged man upon his bier :  
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow  
A record of the cares of many a year ;  
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.  
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,  
And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud,
2. Then rose another hoary man, and said,  
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,  
" Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead ?  
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,  
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,  
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast,
3. " Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled, .  
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,  
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,  
Sinks where the islands of refreshment lie,  
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread  
O'er the warm-coloured heaven and ruddy mountain head
4. " Why weep ye then for him, who, having run  
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,  
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,  
Serenely to his final rest has passed ?  
While the soft memory of his virtues yet  
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set,
5. " His youth was innocent ; his riper age  
Marked with some act of goodness every day ;

And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,  
 Faded his late-declining years away.  
 Cheerful he gave his being up, and went  
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

6. "That life was happy; every day he gave  
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his;  
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,  
 To mock him with her phantom miseries.  
 No chronick tortures racked his aged limb,  
 For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

7. "And I am glad that he has lived thus long;  
 And glad that he has gone to his reward;  
 Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,  
 Softly to disengage the vital cord.  
 When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye  
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."  
 BRYANT.

#### LESSON XCIV.

##### *Influence of the Dead on the Living.*

1. THE relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labours. Our institutions have been founded by them.

2. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependances. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks, and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight.

3. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them.

4. If we follow in the path of those whom we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

5. Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them most securely to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it as a just object of admiration for future times.

6. There is no service, which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures, better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit; if he leave a character, dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities to the view of men; it may be that all his other services had better have been forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life.

7. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. *The true Christian liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself*; and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.—NORTON,

## LESSON XCV.

### *Catharina, Emperess of Russia,*

1. CATHARINA ALEXOWNA, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in her cottage covered with straw, and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself.

2. Though Catharina's face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind. Her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran

minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready, but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong, but a right understanding.

3. Catharina was fifteen years old when her mother died. She then left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character, unerring prudence with surprising vivacity. The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in the elegant parts of female education, by the masters who attended the rest of his family.

4. Thus she continued to improve until he died; by which accident she was reduced to her former poverty. The country of Livonia was, at that time, wasted by war, and lay in a miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore, Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

5. With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region, miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion; but hunger had taught her to despise the danger and fatigues of the way. One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the wayside, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers.

6. They might, probably, have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

7. This was a happy interview for Catharina. The little stock of money she had brought from home was, by this time, quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses: her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her clothes; furnished her with a horse; and gave her letters of recommendation to a faithful friend of his father, the superintendent of Marienburgh.

8. The beautiful stranger was well received at Marienburgh. She was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters; and, though but seventeen, showed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness. Such were her good sense and beauty, that her master himself, in a short time, offered her his hand, which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she resolved to marry her deliverer only, though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds received in the service.

9. In order, therefore, to prevent farther solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her hand, which he accepted with joy, and their nuptials were accordingly solemnized. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking. The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh. The unhappy soldier was immediately ordered to an attack, from which he never returned.

10. In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. The war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword. At length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

11. She had hitherto been poor, but free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave. In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation, reached even prince Menzikoff, the Russian general. He desired to see her; was pleased with her appearance; bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

12. She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dried fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw her, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day; called for the beautiful slave; asked her several questions, and found the charms of her mind superiour even to those of her person.

13. He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest: he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately inquired into the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity; through the vicissitudes of her fortune; and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design. The nuptials were solemnised in private; the prince declaring to his courtiers, that virtue was the surest ladder to a throne.

14. We now see Catharina, raised from the low, mud-walled cottage; to be emperess of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor, solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her good fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

15. She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn, the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses; introduced mixed assemblies; instituted an order of female knighthood; promoted piety and virtue; and at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of emperess, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret, regretted by all.—GOLDSMITH.

## LESSON XCVI.

### *May.*

1. I ~~feel~~ a newer life in every gale;  
     The winds, that fan the flowers,  
     And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
     Tell of serener hours;  
     Of hours that glide unfelt away,  
     Beneath the sky of May.
2. The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls  
     From his blue throne of air,  
     And where his whispering voice in musick falls,  
     Beauty is budding there;  
     The bright ones of the valley break  
     Their slumbers, and awake.

3. The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
 And the wide forest weaves,  
 To welcome back its playful mates again,  
 A canopy of leaves;  
 And, from its darkening shadow, floats  
 A gush of trembling notes.
4. Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;  
 The tresses of the woods,  
 With the light dallying of the west-wind play;  
 And the full-brimming floods,  
 As gladly to their goal they run,  
 Hail the returning sun.—J. G. PERCIVAL.
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## LESSON XCVII.

*The Autumn Evening.*

1. BEHOLD the western evening light!  
 It melts in deepening gloom;  
 So calmly Christians sink away  
 Descending to the tomb.
2. The winds breathe low, the withering leaf  
 Scarce whispers from the tree;  
 So gently flows the parting breath,  
 When good men cease to be.
3. How beautiful on all the hills  
 The crimson light is shed!  
 'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
 To mourners round his bed.
4. How mildly on the wandering cloud  
 The sunset beam is cast!  
 'Tis like the memory left behind  
 When loved ones breathe their last.
5. And now, above the dews of night,  
 The yellow star appears;  
 So faith springs in the heart of those  
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

6. But soon the morning's happier light  
 Its glory shall restore;  
 And eyelids that are sealed, in death  
 Shall wake to close no more.—PEABODY.

## LESSON XCVIII.

### *Cultivation of Moral Taste.*

1. A LITERARY taste, while it has its principles in the nature of the mind, is formed by the study and imitation of the best models, and by having the attention habitually directed to what is truly beautiful. Moral taste is founded in like manner in our constitution, is cherished and cultivated by familiarity with moral beauty, and by avoiding whatever has a tendency to impair the love of what is right, and the aversion to what is wrong.

2. As our opinion of duty is greatly influenced by our moral taste, so, on the other hand, moral taste is much affected by our judgement of what is right. Hence it is, above all things, necessary, that this taste should be founded in just notions of rectitude, and supported by virtuous conduct. It is impossible that he should long love virtue, whose actions are habitually at variance with her principles and rules.

3. But it is to influences more remote and indirect, influences less suspected, and, therefore, more to be feared, that I would call your attention. There are many circumstances, which do not solicit us to violate our sense of duty, which yet lessen our reverence for virtue, and abhorrence of vice, and thus fatally break down the barriers to practical aberrations from the course of rectitude.

4. The first I shall mention is intimacy with such individuals as combine amiable qualities, intelligent minds, and cultivated manners, with a disregard of principle, and corrupt morals. As bigotry, cant, and superstition often give a disgusting, ridiculous, or repulsive air even to true piety, which it requires no small effort of the mind to separate from it; in like manner, vice is often so united with engaging qualities, that it is either "pardoned for the association, or lost in the assemblage."

5. The ingenuous and well educated youth is at first, perhaps, offended, and even pained by the indecent allusion, or profane jest; but they are uttered in such good company, and seasoned with so much wit, that they are forgiven, as the venial errors of a good heart. When this is the case, it is too cer-

tain they will soon be heard with indifference, and at last joined in without compunction.

6. The same effect is produced by two classes of books. The one, where the power of the writer has concealed the deformity of vice under refinement of expression, or confounded its nature by associating it with qualities which are interesting and amiable. Here, perhaps, the *delicacy* of taste is not so much impaired as its *correctness* perverted; it is not insensibility, but error, which is produced. The warmth of genius, like that of the tropical sun, has called up a luxuriance of vegetation; and the unwary observer is unconscious of the poison that is breathed from flowers so sweet, or the reptiles that hide under foliage so beautiful.

7. But there is another class of books, in which there is no disguise; and profligacy and vice appear without a veil; although, perhaps, their names may be a little changed. Drunkenness is conviviality, and libertinism warmth of constitution. Yet there is so much to awaken curiosity in the narrative, so much of humour, of truth, and of human nature in the characters and incidents, that, by many, the faults are pardoned for the sake of the excellencies, till these very faults increase the relish of the whole.

8. I have heard the putting of such books into the hands of the young, defended by an argument like this; that they are a sort of preparatory discipline for the temptations of real life; that in the commerce of the world, the young cannot but be exposed to the seductions of vice, and it is best they should know beforehand something of its nature and power, that they may be the better able to withstand them.

9. In answer to this, it may, I think, be said, that those circumstances, which impair the delicacy of moral feeling, and silently seduce the imagination and passions, without directly leading to conduct, are more dangerous, in their effects, than temptations, which immediately allure us to act wrong; because the former, calling for no resistance, and producing no reaction, leave the principles of virtue enfeebled; whereas the latter, requiring an active determination of the will, the same mind would recoil from them with abhorrence. Impressions merely passive steal upon the heart, and pollute the sources of moral health; while temptations, counteracted by positive resistance and opposite conduct, produce a salutary exercise, by which the moral powers are invigorated.—FRISBIE.

## LESSON XCIX.

*The Hermit.*

1. At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;  
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove:  
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;  
No more with himself or with nature at war,  
He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man:
2. "Ah, why thus abandoned to darkness and wo;  
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.  
But, if pity inspire thee, renew thy sad lay;  
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:  
Oh, sooth him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away,  
Full quickly they pass, but they never return.
3. "Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,  
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;  
But, lately I marked, when majestick on high,  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendour again:  
But man's faded glory no change shall renew!  
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!
4. "'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,  
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.  
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn:  
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!  
Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"
5. 'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,  
Destruction before me and sorrow behind:

"Oh, pity, great Father of light," then I cried,  
 "Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

6. And darkness and doubt are now flying away :  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,  
 And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,  
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.—BRATTIN.

## LESSON C.

### *Spirit of Freedom.*

1. SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! who thy home hast made  
 In wilds and wastes, where wealth has never trod,  
 Nor bowed her coward head before her god,  
 The sordid deity of fraudulent trade ;  
 Where power has never reared his iron brow,  
 And glared his glance of terrour, nor has blown  
 The maddening trump of battle, nor has flown  
 His blood-thirst eagles : where no flatterers bow,  
 And kiss the foot that spurns them ; where no throne,  
 Bright with the spoils from nations wrested, towers,  
 The idol of a slavish mob, who herd,  
 Where largess feeds their sloth with golden showers,  
 And thousands hang upon one tyrant's word.
2. SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! thou, who dwellest alone,  
 Unblenched, unyielding, on the storm-beat shore,  
 And findest a stirring musick in its roar,  
 And lookest abroad on earth and sea, thy own,  
 Far from the city's noxious hold, thy foot  
 Fleet as the wild deer bounds, as if its breath  
 Were but the rankest, foulest steam of death ;  
 Its soil were but the dunghill, where the root  
 Of every poisonous weed and baleful tree  
 Grew vigorously and deeply, till their shade  
 Had choked and killed each wholesome plant, and laid  
 In rottenness the flower of LIBERTY.

- Thou fliest to the desert, and its sands  
 Become thy welcome shelter, where the pure  
 Wind gives its freshness to thy roving bands,  
 And languid weakness finds its only cure ;  
 Where few their wants, and bounded their desires,  
 And life all spring and action, they display  
 Man's boldest flights, and highest, warmest fires,  
 And beauty wears her loveliest array.
3. SPIRIT OF FREEDOM ! I would with thee dwell,  
 Whether on Africk's sand, or Norway's crags,  
 Or Kansa's prairies, for thou lovest them well,  
 And there thy boldest daring never flags ;  
 Or I would launch with thee upon the deep,  
 And like the peterel make the wave my home,  
 And careless as the sportive sea-bird roam ;  
 Or with the chamois on the Alp would leap,  
 And feel myself upon the snow-clad height,  
 A portion of that undimmed flow of light,  
 No mist nor cloud can darken ; oh ! with thee,  
 Spirit of Freedom ! deserts, mountains, storms,  
 Would wear a glow of beauty, and their forms  
 Would soften into loveliness, and be  
 Dearest of earth, for there my soul is free.—PERCIVAL.

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## LESSON CL

### *Character of a Christian Mother.*

1. WHAT a publick blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a virtuous Christian mother ! It would require a far other pen than mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many feel that they owe to it all the virtues and piety that adorn them ; or may recollect at this moment some saint in heaven, that brought them into light to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal !

2. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses, in forming the hearts of her children at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction ; every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue.

3. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved char-

like a being more than human, to which every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase and familiar story; the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent, all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work.

4. Oh! what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity; and how much is that mortal to be pitied, who is not struck with the image of such excellence! When I look to its consequences, direct or remote, I see the plants she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit. I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race; I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove, and to hail her worth.—KIRWAN.

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## LESSON CII.

### *Intelligence of the People a Means of Safety to the Government.*

1. In a government like ours, where the supreme control depends on the opinion of the people, it is important certainly that this opinion should be enlightened. "There is no power on earth which sets up its throne in the spirit and souls of men, and in their hearts and imaginations, their assent also and belief, equal to learning and knowledge; and there is scarce one instance brought of a disastrous government, where learned men have been seated at the helm."

2. Now the most certain mode of making learned rulers, is to extend as far as possible the influence of learning to the people from whom the rulers are taken. But intelligence not only makes good rulers, it makes peaceable citizens. It causes men to have just views of the nature, value, and relations of things, the purposes of life, the tendency of actions, to be guided by purer motives, to form nobler resolutions, and press forward to more desirable attainments.

3. Laws will be obeyed, because they are understood and rightly estimated. Men will submit cheerfully to good government, and consult the peace of society, in proportion as they learn to respect themselves, and value their own character. These things are the fruit of knowledge. But ignorance is a

soil which gives exuberant growth to discords, delusions, and the dark treacheries of faction.

4. While the people are ignorant, they are perpetually subject to false alarms, and violent prejudices, ready to give a loose rein to the wild storms of their passions, and prepared to yield themselves willing victims to the seductions of every ambitious, turbulent, treacherous, and faithless spirit, who may choose to enlist them in his cause. Knowledge will work upon this charm with a potent efficacy, lay the hideous spectres which it calls up, and preserve the soundness and growing strength of the social and political fabrick.

5. It should be considered the glory, and the duty of the government, to aid in establishing morals and religion. The first step in accomplishing this purpose is to fix the principles of virtue, and impress the importance of religious practice, by enlarging the sphere of mental light, touching the springs of curiosity, opening the channels of inquiry, and pouring into the mind new materials of thought and reflection.

6. All branches of intellectual improvement will lead to moral goodness. The mind which is taught to expatiate throughout the works of God, to ascend to the heavenly worlds and find him there, to go into the deep secrets of nature and find him there, to examine the wonders of its own structure, and look abroad into the moral constitution of things, and perceive the hand of an invisible, Almighty Being, giving laws to the whole, will be impressed with a sense of its own dependance, and feel something of the kindling flame of devotion.

7. It is not in human nature to resist it. And so the man who begins to study the organization of society, the mutual relations and dependances of its parts, its objects, and the duties it imposes on those who enjoy its benefits, will soon be made to respect its institutions, value its privileges, and practise the moral virtues, in which its very existence consists.

8. The more extensively these inquiries are encouraged, and these principles inculcated, in the elements of education, the greater will be the certainty of moral elevation of character, and the brighter the prospects of a virtuous community. In regard to religion, ignorance is its deadliest bane. It gathers the clouds of prejudice from all the dark corners of the mind, and causes them to brood over the understanding, and too often the heart, with a dismal, shilling influence.

9. It gives perpetuity to error, defies the weapons of argument and reason, and is impassive even to the keen sword of eternal truth. To bring into salutary action these two great instruments of human happiness, morals, and religion, nothing

is of so much importance, as to multiply the facilities of education, and quicken the spirit of enlightened inquiry.

10. Through the medium of education the government may give a stronger impulse to the arts, and help to build up the empire of the sciences. Before men can invent, or make profound discoveries, they must be taught to think. Savages never advance a step farther in inventions and discoveries, than they are compelled by their wants. The external comforts of civilized life depend on the useful arts, which an improved state of the intellect has brought to light.

11. In the sciences, and in literature, we have a vast uncultivated field before us. In the arts of traffick, and the mysteries of gain, we may, perhaps, be contented with the skill we possess. But to be contented with our progress in the sciences and literature, and all those attainments, which chiefly dignify and adorn human nature, would argue an obtuseness and apathy altogether unworthy of a people, who are blessed with so many political, civil, and local advantages of various kinds, as the inhabitants of the United States.—NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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### LESSON CHIL

#### *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.*

1. THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast;  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed;
2. And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.
3. Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame:
4. Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear:  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5. Amid the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.
6. The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :  
This was their welcome home.
7. There were men with hoary hair  
Amid that pilgrim band :  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land ?
8. There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.
9. What sought they thus afar ?  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
10. Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod !  
They have left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God !—MRS. HEMANS

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#### LESSON CIV.

##### *The Hypocrite.*

1. GREAT day of revelation ! in the grave  
The hypocrite had left his mask ; and stood  
In naked ugliness. He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven  
To serve the evil one ; in virtue's guise  
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread :  
In holy phrase transacted villanies  
That common sinners durst not meddle with.  
At sacred feast he sat among the saints,  
And with his guilty hands touched holiest things.

2. And none of sin lamented more, or sighed  
More deeply, or with graver countenance,  
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,  
Whose infant children, at the moment, he  
Planned how to rob: in sermon style he bought,  
And sold, and lied; and salutations made  
In Scripture terms: he prayed by quantity,  
And with his repetitions long and loud,  
All knees were weary; with one hand he put  
A penny in the urn of poverty,  
And with the other took a shilling out.
  
3. On charitable lists, those trumps which told  
The publick ear who had in secret done  
The poor a benefit, and half the alms  
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding;  
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there  
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!  
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave  
With flowers bestrewed! and yet few were deceived.
  
4. His virtues being over-done, his face  
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities  
Too pompously attended, and his speech  
Larded too frequently, and out of time  
With serious phraseology, were rents  
That in his garments ope'd in spite of him,  
Through which the well-accustomed eye could see  
The rottenness of his heart.—POLLOCK.

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#### LESSON CV.

##### *Mental Improvement.*

1. No man is obliged to learn and know every thing, for it is utterly impossible; yet all persons are under some obligation to improve their own understanding. Universal ignorance or infinite errors will overspread the mind which is neglected, and lies without cultivation. Skill in the sciences is, indeed, the business and profession but of a small part of mankind; but there are many others placed in such a rank in the world, as allows them much leisure and large opportunities to cultivate their reason, and enrich their minds with various knowledge.
2. The common duties and benefits of society which belong

to every man living, and even our necessary relations to a family, a neighbourhood, or government, oblige all persons whatsoever to use their reasoning powers upon a thousand occasions; every hour of life calls for some regular exercise of our judgement as to times and things, persons and actions; without a prudent and discreet determination in matters before us, we shall be plunged into perpetual errors in our conduct. Now, that which should always be practised, must at some time be learned.

3. Besides, every son and daughter of Adam has a most important concern in the affairs of a life to come, and, therefore, it is a matter of the highest moment for every one to understand, to judge, and to reason right about the things of religion. It is vain for any to say, we have no leisure or time for it.

4. The daily intervals of time, and vacancies from necessary labour, together with the one day in seven in the Christian world, allow sufficient opportunity for this, if men would but apply themselves to it with half so much zeal and diligence as they do to the trifles and amusements of this life; and it would turn to infinitely better account.

5. There are five eminent means or methods whereby the mind is improved in the knowledge of things; and these are observation, reading, instruction by lectures, conversation, and meditation, which last, in a peculiar manner, is called study.

6. Observation is the notice that we take of all occurrences in human life, whether they are sensible or intellectual, whether relating to persons or things, to ourselves or others. It is this that furnishes us, even from our infancy, with a rich variety of ideas and propositions, words and phrases.

7. All those things which we see, hear, or feel, which we perceive by sense or consciousness, or which we know in a direct manner, with scarce any exercise of our reflecting faculties or our reasoning powers, may be included under the general name of observation. There is no time or place, no transactions, occurrences, or engagements in life, which exclude us from this method of improving the mind.

8. Reading is that means of knowledge, whereby we acquaint ourselves with the affairs, actions, and thoughts of the living and the dead, in the most remote nations, and most distant ages. By reading, we learn not only the actions and sentiments of different nations and ages, but transfer to ourselves the knowledge and improvements of the most learned men, the wisest and best of mankind.

9. It is another advantage of reading, that we may review *what we have read*; we may consult the page again and again,

and meditate on it at successive periods in our retired hours. Unless a reader has an uncommon and most retentive memory, there is scarcely any book or chapter worth reading once, that is not worthy of second perusal.

10. Publick or private lectures are such verbal instructions as are given by a teacher while the learners attend in silence. An instructor, when he paraphrases and explains other authors, can mark out the precise point of difficulty or controversy, and unfold it. When he teaches us natural philosophy, or most parts of mathematical learning, he can convey to our senses those notions, with which he would furnish our minds. He can make the experiments before our eyes. He can describe figures and diagrams, point to the lines and angles, and by sensible means make out the demonstration in a more intelligible manner.

11. Conversation is that method of improving our minds, wherein, by mutual discourse and inquiry, we learn the sentiments of others, as well as communicate our own. By friendly conference, not only the doubts which arise in the mind upon any subject of discourse are easily proposed and solved, but the very difficulties we meet with in books and in our private studies may find a relief. A man of vast reading, without conversation, is like a miser, who lives only to himself.

12. Meditation, or study, includes all those exercises of the mind, whereby we render all the former methods useful, for our increase in true knowledge and wisdom. By meditation we fix in our memory whatsoever we learn, and form our own judgement of the truth or falsehood, the strength or weakness of what others speak or write.

13. Neither our own observation, nor reading the works of the learned, nor attendance on the best lectures of instruction, nor enjoying the brightest conversation, can ever make a man truly knowing and wise, without the labours of his own reason in surveying, examining, and judging, concerning all subjects upon the best evidence he can acquire.—WATTS.

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## LESSON CVL

### *The Broken-hearted Woman.*

1. How many bright eyes grow dim; how many soft cheeks grow pale; how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal

the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

2. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the rains of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed.

3. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams; "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the least external assailment.

4. Look for her after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

5. She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

6. I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, colds, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love.

W. IRVING.

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## LESSON CVII.

### *Summer Morning.*

1. SWEET the beams of rosy morning,  
Silent chasing gloom away;  
Lovely tints the sky adorning,  
Harbingers of opening day!

See the king of day appearing,  
 Slow his progress and serene ;  
 Soon I feel the influence, cheering,  
 Of this grand and lovely scene !

2. Lovely songsters join their voices,  
 Harmony the grove pervades ;  
 All in nature now rejoices,  
 Light and joy succeed the shades.  
 Stars withdraw, and man arises,  
 To his labour cheerful goes ;  
 Day's returning blessings prizes,  
 And in praise his pleasure shows !

3. May each morn, that, in succession,  
 Adds new mercies ever flowing,  
 Leave a strong and deep impression  
 Of my debt, for ever growing !  
 Debt of love, ah ! how increasing !  
 Days and years fresh blessings bring ;  
 But my praise shall flow unceasing,  
 And my Maker's love I'll sing !

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LESSON CVIII.

*Nothing Formed in Vain.*

1. Let no presuming impious railer tax  
 Creative wisdom, as if aught was formed  
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind !  
 As if upon a full proportioned dome,  
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art !  
 A critick-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole !

2. And lives the man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things :  
 Marked their dependance so, and firm accord,  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude,

That this availeth naught! Has any seen  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From infinite perfection to the brink  
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
 From which astonished thought, recoiling, turns?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.—THOMSON.

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### LESSON CIX.

#### *Description of Arabia.*

1. In the vacant space between Persia, Syria, Egypt, and Ethiopia, the Arabian peninsula may be conceived as a triangle of spacious but irregular dimensions. From the northern point of Beles on the Euphrates, a line of fifteen hundred miles is terminated by the straits of Babelmandel and the land of frankincense.

2. About half this length may be allowed for the middle breadth, from east to west, from Bassora to Suez, from the Persian gulf to the Red sea. The sides of the triangle are gradually enlarged, and the southern basis presents a front of a thousand miles to the Indian ocean.

3. The entire surface of the peninsula exceeds in a fourfold proportion that of Germany or France; but the far greater part has been justly stigmatized with the epithets of the *stony* and the *sandy*. Even the wilds of Tartary are decked by the hand of nature with lofty trees and luxuriant herbage; and the lonesome traveller derives a sort of comfort and society from the presence of vegetable life.

4. But in the dreary waste of Arabia, a boundless level of sand is intersected by sharp and naked mountains, and the face of the desert, without shade or shelter, is scorched by the direct and intense rays of a tropical sun.

5. Instead of refreshing breezes, the winds, particularly from the southwest, diffuse a noxious and even deadly vapour; the hillocks of sand, which they alternately raise and scatter, are compared to the billows of the ocean; and whole caravans, whole armies, have been lost and buried in the whirlwind. The common benefits of water are an object of desire and contest; and such is the scarcity of wood, that some art is requisite to preserve and propagate the elements of fire.

6. Arabia is destitute of navigable rivers, which fertilize the soil, and convey its produce to the adjacent regions: the torrents that fall from the hills are imbibed by the thirsty earth: the rare and hardy plants, the tamarind or the acacia, that strike their roots into the clefts of the rocks, are nourished by the dews of the night: a scanty supply of rain is collected in cisterns and aqueducts: the wells and springs are the secret treasure of the desert; and the pilgrim of Mecca, after many a dry and sultry march, is disgusted by the taste of the waters which have rolled over a bed of sulphur or salt.

7. Such is the general and genuine picture of the climate of Arabia. The experience of evil enhances the value of any local or partial enjoyments. A shady grove, a green pasture, a stream of fresh water, are sufficient to attract a colony of sedentary Arabs to the fortunate spots, which can afford food and refreshment to themselves and their cattle, and which encourage their industry in the cultivation of the palm-tree and the vine.

8. The high lands, that border on the Indian ocean, are distinguished by their superiour plenty of wood and water: the air is more temperate, the fruits are more delicious, the animals and the human race more numerous: the fertility of the soil invites and rewards the toil of the husbandman; and the peculiar gifts of frankincense and coffee, have attracted, in different ages, the merchants of the world.—GIBBON.

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### LESSON CX.

#### *Trust in the Care of Providence Recommended.*

1. MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless, and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides; and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

2. It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of ONE who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

3. The natural homage which such a creature owes to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for

the blessings and conveniences of life; and an habitual trust in him, for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

4. The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up, by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is almighty.

5. In short, the person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection. To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the Divine Goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

6. Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow. The first and strongest is, that we are promised he will not fail those who put their trust in him. But without considering the supernatural blessing, which accompanies this duty, we may observe, that it has a natural tendency to its own reward; or, in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great Disposer of all things, contribute very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing of it manfully.

7. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities; and does wonders, that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success. Trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind, which alleviate those calamities that we are not able to remove.

8. The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction; but most of all, in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering, in the last moments of its separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions, that are altogether new; what can support

her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon HIM, who first gave her being; who has conducted her through one stage of it; and who will be always present to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity!—ADDISON.

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## LESSON CXI.

### *The Respect due to all Men.*

1. LET those whose riches have purchased for them the page of knowledge, regard with respect the native powers of them to whose eyes it has never been unrolled. The day-labourer, and the professor of science, belong naturally to the same order of intelligences. Circumstances and situation have made all the difference between them. The understanding of one has been free to walk whither it would: that of the other has been shut up and deprived of the liberty of ranging the fields of knowledge. Society has condemned it to the dungeon of ignorance, and then despises it for being in the dark.

2. There have been multitudes that would have added to the sum, or have embellished the form, of human knowledge, if their youth had been taught the rudiments, and their life allowed them leisure to prosecute the pursuit of it. The attention that would have been crowned with splendid successes in the inquiry after truth, has all been expended in the search after bread.

3. The curiosity that would have penetrated to the secrets of nature, explored the recesses of mind, and compassed the records of time, has been choked by the cares of want. The fancy, that would have glowed with a heat divine, and made a brilliant addition to the blazing thoughts and burning words of the poetical world, has been chilled and frozen by the cold winds of poverty.

4. Many a one, who cannot read what others wrote, had the knowledge of elegant letters been given him, would himself have written what ages might read with delight. He that ploughs the ground, had he studied the heavens, might have understood the stars as well as he understands the soil. Many a sage has lain hid in the savage, and many a slave was made to be an emperour.

5. Blood, says the pride of life, is more honourable than money. Indigent nobility looks down upon untitled opulence. This sentiment, pushed a little farther, leads to the point I am

pursuing. Mind is the noblest part of the man; and of mind, virtue is the noblest distinction.

6. Honest man, in the ear of Wisdom, is a grander name, is a more high-sounding title, than peer of the realm, or prince of the blood. According to the eternal rules of celestial precedence, in the immortal heraldry of Nature and of Heaven, Virtue takes place of all things. It is the nobility of angels! It is the majesty of God!—FAWCETT.

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### LESSON CXII.

*Virtue, the only True Happiness.*

1. I saw the virtuous man contend  
With life's unnumbered woes;  
And he was poor, without a friend,  
Pressed by a thousand foes.
2. I saw the Passions' pliant slave  
In gallant trim, and gay;  
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,  
His life, a summer's day.
3. And I was caught in Folly's snare,  
And joined her giddy train;  
But found her soon the nurse of care,  
And punishment, and pain.
4. There surely is some guiding power,  
Which rightly suffers wrong;  
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,  
But Virtue late and long.—CAMOENS.

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### LESSON CXIII.

*The Mutual Relation between Sleep and Night.*

1. THE relation of sleep to night appears to have been expressly intended by our benevolent Creator. Two points are manifest; first, that the animal frame requires sleep; secondly, that night brings with it a silence, and a cessation of activity, which allow of sleep being taken without interruption, and without loss.

2. Animal existence is made up of action and slumber: nature has provided a season for each. An animal which stood not in need of rest, would always live in daylight. An animal, which, though made for action, and delighting in action, must have its strength repaired by sleep, meets, by its constitution, the returns of day and night.

3. In the human species, for instance, were the bustle, the labour, the motion of life upheld by the constant presence of light, sleep could not be enjoyed without being disturbed by noise, and without expense of that time which the eagerness of private interest would not contentedly resign.

4. It is happy, therefore, for this part of the creation, I mean that it is conformable to the frame and wants of their constitution, that nature, by the very disposition of her elements, has commanded, as it were, and imposed upon them, at moderate intervals, a general intermission of their toils, their occupations, and their pursuits.

5. But it is not for man, either solely or principally, that night is made. Inferiour, but less perverted natures, taste its solace, and expect its return with greater exactness and advantage than he does. I have often observed, and never observed but to admire, the satisfaction, no less than the regularity, with which the greatest part of the irrational world yield to this soft necessity, this grateful vicissitude; how comfortably the birds of the air, for example, address themselves to the repose of the evening; with what alertness they resume the activity of the day.

6. Nor does it disturb our argument to confess, that certain species of animals are in motion during the night, and at rest in the day. With respect even to them, it is still true, that there is a change of condition in the animal, and an external change corresponding with it. There is still the relation, though inverted. The fact is, that the repose of other animals sets these at liberty, and invites them to their food or their sport.

7. If the relation of sleep to night, and in some instances, its converse, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things close to us; the change applies immediately to our sensations; of all the phenomena of nature, it is the most obvious, and the most familiar to our experience; but, in its cause, it belongs to the great motions which are passing in the heavens.

8. While the earth glides round her axle, she ministers to the alternate necessity of the animals dwelling upon her surface, at the same time that she obeys the influence of those attractions which regulate the order of many thousand worlds. The rela-

tion, therefore, of sleep to night, is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe: probably it is more; it is a relation to the system, of which that globe is a part; and, still farther, to the congregation of systems, of which theirs is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meanest individual with the universe itself; a chicken, roosting upon its perch, with the spheres revolving in the firmament.

PALEY.

## LESSON CXIV.

### *National Glory.*

1. We are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honour; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war?

2. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis never to be shaken.

3. The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons, and our Browns on the land, is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes; there were humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret; but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favour.

4. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history, the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, *national glory*, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

5. What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds, to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylae preserve Greece but once?

6. While the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

7. Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotick devotion to her cause has its beneficial influence.

8. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers, they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it.—CLAY.

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#### LESSON CXV.

*A Character of Napoleon Bonaparte, down to the period of his Exile to Elba.*

1. He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

2. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive; a will despotick in its dictates; an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character; the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

3. Flung into life in the midst of a revolution, that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superiour, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity!

4. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists, where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him.

as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest; he acknowledged no criterion but success; he worshipped no God but ambition; and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess; there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republick; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism.

5. A professed catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he empoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped, without remorse, and wore, without shame, the diadem of the Cesars!

6. Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished; the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

7. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his councils; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferiour intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

8. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount; space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation: kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

9. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room; with the mob or the levee; wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown; banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh; dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsick; he was still the same military despot!

10. Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite.

11. They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe.

12. In this wonderful combination, his affection of literature must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academick prize to the philosopher of England.

13. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist; a republican and an emperor; a mahometan; a catholic and a patron of the synagogue; a subaltern and a sovereign; a traitor and a tyrant; a Christian and an infidel: he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original; the same mysterious, incomprehensible self; the man without a model, and without a shadow.

14. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, the first (and it is to be hoped the last) emperor of the French.

15. That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have arisen to the blessings of a free constitution; super-

stition has found her grave in the ruins of the inquisition ; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannick satellites, has fled for ever.

16. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people : the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource : and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.—PHILLIPS.

## LESSON CXVI.

*Account of the Quicksilver Mines in Idria, in Carniola, Germany.*

1. NEXT morning we proceeded, during an hour, over the same barren country. Of a sudden, the road seems to disappear right before the eyes of the traveller, and he finds himself on the brink of a huge hollow in the mountains. The effect is singular and striking. He looks down into the whole of this kettle, surrounded on every side by irregular, towering crags, which are here and there tufted with patches of fir, but in general exhibit only the naked and dreary rock.

2. The picture was entirely changed by the mist in which every thing was enveloped. The morning was not sufficiently advanced ; the sun, though bright and warm above, had not yet penetrated into the gulf, which was filled to the brim with white, fleecy vapour, into which the road seemed to descend, as if into mere air.

3. All around the rugged cliffs rose above its surface, like the rocky shores of a mountain lake, and imagination could assign no depth to the abyss over which its light and hovering mantle was spread. As the sun came nearer the meridian, the vapour began to rise slowly, but without dividing itself into those distinct, and rapidly ascending columns, which often produce such fantastick appearances, in the higher passages of the Swiss Alps.

4. In a short time the whole kettle was visible, terminating below in a narrow, irregular valley. The Idria, issuing at once from the mountains on the south, rushed along in the bottom. On the crags, which, circling round, seemed to shut out this spot from all communication with the world, not a cottage was to be seen, for they are too precipitous ; and only here and there a few scanty patches of cultivation, for they are too barren.

5. In the centre of the valley, and about seven hundred feet below the brink, the eye rested on the little town of Idria, and the huts scattered round the base of the mountain which contains the entrance to the mines.

6. The discovery of these mercurial mines, like that of so many other mines, is attributed to accident. A Carniolian peasant who drove a small trade in wooden vessels, was in the habit of groping his way into this recess, at that time entirely covered with wood, to procure materials for his tubs and pails, which he sometimes finished on the spot. He had placed some pails in a small pool, in a rivulet which issued from the mountain, for the purpose of "seasoning" them, as we should express it. To keep them under water, he put into them a quantity of sand taken from the bed of the stream.

7. In the morning he found all his strength scarcely sufficient to lift one of them out of the water. He could ascribe this only to the weight of the sand, which he had thrown in by handfuls the evening before; sand so heavy was to him a phenomenon, and he carried some of it to the pastor of his village. The latter, suspecting what might be the reason, sent it to the imperial director of mines, and, on examination, it was found to contain above half its weight of quicksilver.

8. The whole of what now constitutes the department of Idria, was immediately declared a domain of the crown; but the mines were first worked by private adventurers on leases, and the miners have still preserved various traditions of the ruin of some, and the difficulties which all of these speculators had to encounter. The shafts were driven deep in the solid rock, but no quicksilver appeared.

9. One after another the speculators drew back from the undertaking, and it centred, at last, in one who was more sanguine and persevering. But he, too, hoped and laboured in vain; and the destitution, into which he had plunged his family by the unsuccessful adventure, brought him to his grave. His widow was compelled to give up the operations; but the workmen declared they would still make an attempt for the family of him who had so long given them bread, and continued the search fourteen days longer, without wages.

10. The fourteenth of these days arrived, but no quicksilver appeared. Toward the afternoon, the workmen, who had been annoyed all day long by sulphureous vapour and a more uncomfortable atmosphere than usual, were about to give up their task for ever in despondency, and prepare to celebrate, above ground, the festival of their patron saint, of which this happened to be the eve, when a shout from the lowest part of

the shaft, announced that the deep concealed vein had, at length, been dragged from its lurking place.

11. The saint was postponed, and the mercury pursued. It was soon ascertained that the labours and expense of years would be amply repaid. The revived widow prudently sold her remaining right to the government; and, since that period, during more than four hundred years, Idria has not ceased to pour its thousands into the imperial treasury.

12. The entrance to the mine is a little to the southward of the town, in the side of a small hillock, which rises in front of the mountainous wall that surrounds the dell. The visiter puts on a miner's dress. It is not only necessary to leave behind watches, rings, snuffboxes, and similar articles, which would infallibly be affected by the quicksilver; but, for the same reason, the accompanying miner insists on your dispensing with all coats and waistcoats, which have metal buttons.

13. In every case a miner's dress is at once more convenient, and more independent of the moisture and rubbings, which may be encountered below ground, although, in this beautiful mine, there is little to be apprehended from either. The miners have not yet ceased their jokes on two ladies, who went down with some fashionable company, during the Congress in the neighbouring Laybach, and returned, the one with her gold watch converted into a tin trinket by the quicksilver, and the fair cheeks and neck of the other bedaubed with the blackness of falsehood by the sulphur.

14. The descent can be made to the very bottom of the mine in less than five minutes, in one of the large buckets in which the ore is brought above ground. This mode though the less fatiguing, is not, therefore, better; for, in descending the shaft on foot, one can observe much better the care and regularity with which all the operations have been carried on, particularly in latter times.

15. From the first step, daylight is excluded; for the passage, hewn in the rock, descends at a very acute angle: were it a smooth surface, it would be impracticable. Excepting the steepness, it has no other inconvenience. Instead of clambering down a wet, slippery, wooden ladder, as in Freyburgh, you descend on successive flights of steps, as regular as if they had been constructed for a private dwelling.

16. Here and there are landing places, where galleries branch off, through which veins have been followed, or the shaft descends in a new direction. This is the regular mode in which the mining is carried on, from the surface of the earth to the lowest part of the mine, forming a subterraneous staircase

descending about seven hundred feet; for the mine as yet is no deeper, owing to the superabundance and richness of the ore. All is pierced in the hard limestone rock.

17. A still more useful degree of care has been bestowed on the walls and ceilings. Instead of leaving the bare, rugged rock, as is still frequently done elsewhere, or supporting the roof with wood, as was in former times the universal practice, this passage into the earth is lined with a strong wall of hewn stone, arched above; so that the descent is, in reality, through a commodious vaulted passage, about four feet wide, and, in average height, rather more than six.

18. The walling with stone is preferable, both in security and duration, to the old custom of lining and supporting the shafts with wood; the increasing scarcity and value of wood have, likewise, made it the cheaper mode. Neither is the labour so great as at first sight might be imagined. The stones used are those cut out in carrying the shaft itself downward.

19. All the trouble in transporting them along a gallery to the bottom of the perpendicular shaft, by which the ore and rubbish are conveyed above ground, is thus saved. No mine could be more fortunate in regard to the absence of water. A slight degree of moisture on the walls and ceiling is all that can be occasionally traced. The atmosphere is perfectly dry and comfortable, except in the neighbourhood of rich veins.

20. The only unpleasant accompaniment of the ore is the sulphur which almost universally attends it; its fumes were strongest in the lowest galleries. The miners have learned to consider it as a prognostick of good ore; for it is universally observed, that the richer the vein is the greater is the quantity of sulphur; they have never pure air and good ore together.

21. But neither the action of the sulphur, nor of the mercury, on the health and appearance of the workmen, is at all so striking as it has sometimes been represented. That the mercury brings on a periodical salivation, is merely a joke. Its effects are most observable on the teeth, which are generally deficient and discoloured.

22. The preparatory processes, through which the ore must pass before being finally carried to the roasting ovens, are performed on the other side of the town, on the banks of the Idria. But it is only with the inferiour ores that such processes are necessary; all that are held to contain sixty-five per cent. of quicksilver, or upwards, are put immediately into the oven.

23. This may be represented as a square building, divided by brick floors into five or six compartments. These floors are not continuous, but are pierced with a number of holes, that the

flame and smoke may ascend from the one to the other. The ore is spread out upon them, the apertures being left uncovered. The fire is kindled between the lowest floor and the ground, and every outlet and crevice in the whole fabrick is then carefully shut.

24. The action of the fire, gradually extending itself from one layer to another, through the openings in the floors, separates the quicksilver from its accompanying fossils; it rises, sublimated, along with the smoke, to the top, from whence it has no passage but by flues, which are led through the walls in a winding direction, that it may cool by continued circulation.

25. As it cools, the pure quicksilver is precipitated, and descends, by internal communications between the flues, to the lower part of the wall. The fire is kept up, till it is ascertained by the disappearance of vapours, that all the mercury has been disengaged; nor are the outlets opened, till the whole is so cool that all the quicksilver must have been deposited.

26. The metal is found deposited in hollows at the bottom of the walls, made on purpose to receive it, and communicating with the flues. The sulphur is gained at the same time. The quicksilver is then tied up in sheep or goat skins prepared with alum, these having been found to be the cheapest and most convenient of the materials which will contain mercury without being injured.—RUSSEL.

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## LESSON CXVII.

### *A Mother to her Sleeping Infant.*

1. Sleep on, dear child, nor let me wake  
Such peaceful dreams as thine;  
But gently press thy lips, to take  
One kiss, to sweeten mine.
2. Ah, sorrow! must thine impress fall  
On this fair, polished brow!  
And must time's furrows fasten here,  
Where all is softness now?
3. Yes, age, with anxious care, will come,  
And leave his gloomy trace;  
Yet never, to thy mother's eyes,  
Less fair will beam that face.

4. Oh, no, my child ; when trials rise,  
And pain and sorrow come ;  
Here rest thy head, upon my breast,  
And let it be thy home.
5. Should foes obstruct thy path, my son,  
And changing friendship flee ;  
Yet ever constant will prove *one* !  
Thy mother it will be.—A. M. T.

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### LESSON CXVIII.

*Extract from an Oration on the Virtues of General Washington,  
pronounced the 8th of February, 1800.*

1. It is natural that the gratitude of mankind should be drawn to their benefactors. A number of these have successively arisen, who were no less distinguished for the elevation of their virtues than the lustre of their talents. Of those, however, who were born, and who acted through life as if they were born not for themselves, but for their country and the whole human race, how few are recorded in the long annals of ages, and how wide the intervals of time and space that divide them.

2. In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six lighthouses on as many thousand miles of coast ; they gleam upon the surrounding darkness with an inextinguishable splendour, like stars seen through a mist ; but they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, and to save.

3. Washington is now added to that small number. Already he attracts curiosity, like a newly discovered star, whose benignant light will travel on to the world's and time's farthest bounds. Already his name is hung up by history as conspicuously as if it sparkled in one of the constellations of the sky.

4. By commemorating his death, we are called this day to yield the homage that is due to his virtue ; to confess the common debt of mankind as well as our own ; and to pronounce for posterity, now dumb, that eulogium, which they will delight to echo ten ages hence when we are dumb.

5. The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame, yet courted by it, seemed, like his own Potomack, widening and deepening his channel, as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness toward the

end of his course. Such a citizen would do honour to any country.

6. The constant veneration and affection of his country will show that it was worthy of such a citizen. However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that his example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and, perhaps, most in those of despotism and darkness.

7. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendour, that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is, indeed, growing vulgar! They multiply in every long war! They stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

8. But such a chief magistrate as Washington, appears like the polestar in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the *age of Washington*. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere.

9. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven, that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.—*AMES.*

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## LESSON CXIX.

### *On Plants.*

1. PLANTS stand next to animals in the scale of existence: they are, like them, organized bodies; like them, increase by nutrition, which is conveyed through a system of tubes and fine vessels, and assimilated to their substance; like them, they propagate their race from a parent, and each seed produces its own plant; like them, they grow by insensible degrees from an infant state to full vigour, and, after a certain term of maturity, decay and die. In short, except the powers of speech and

locomotion, they seem to possess every characteristic of sentient life.

2. A plant consists of a root, a stem, leaves, and a flower or blossom. The root is bulbous, as the onion; long, like the parsnip or carrot; or branched out into threads, as the greater number are, and particularly all the large ones; a bulbous root could not support a large tree. The stem is single or branched, clinging for support, or upright, clothed with a skin or bark.

3. The flower contains the principle of reproduction, as the root does of individuality. This is the most precious part of the plant, to which every thing contributes. The root nourishes it, the stem supports, the leaves defend and shelter it; it comes forth but when nature has prepared for it by showers, and sun, and gentle, soothing warmth: colour, beauty, scent, adorn it; and when it is complete, the end of the plant's existence is answered. It fades and dies; or, if capable by its perennial nature of repeating the process, it hides in its inmost folds the precious germe of new being, and itself almost retires from existence till a new year.

4. A tree is one of the most stately and beautiful objects in God's visible creation. It does not admit of an exact definition, but is distinguished from the humbler plant by its size, the strength of its stem, which becomes a trunk, and the comparative smallness of the blossom. In the fruit-trees, indeed, the number of blossoms compensates for their want of size; but in the forest-trees the flower is scarcely visible. Production seems not to be so important a process where the parent tree lives for centuries.

5. Every part of vegetables is useful. Of many the roots are edible, and the seeds are generally so; of many the leaves, as of the cabbage, spinage; the buds, as of the asparagus, cauliflower; the bark is often employed medicinally, as the quinquina and cinnamon.

6. The trunk of a tree determines the manner of its growth, and gives firmness; the foliage serves to form one mass of a number of trees; while the distinct lines are partly seen, partly hidden. The leaves throw over the branches a rich mantle, like flowing tresses; they wave in the wind with an undulatory motion, catch the glow of the evening sun, or glitter with the rain; they shelter innumerable birds and animals, and afford variety in colours, from the bright green of spring to the varied tints of autumn. In winter, however, the form of each tree and its elegant ramifications are discerned, which were lost under the flowing robe of verdure.

7. Trees are beautiful in all combinations: the single tree is

so; the clump, the grove, rising like an amphitheatre; the flowing line that marks the skirts of the wood, and the dark, deep, boundless shade of the forest; the green line of the hedge-row, the more artificial avenue, the gothick arch of verdure, the tangled thicket.

8. Young trees are distinguished by beauty; in maturity their characteristic is strength. The ruin of a tree is venerable even when fallen: we are then more sensible of its towering height: we also observe the root, the deep fangs which held it against so many storms, and the firmness of the wood; a sentiment of pity mixes, too, with our admiration.

9. The trees in groves and woods shed a brown, religious horror, which favoured the religion of the ancient world. Trees shelter from cutting winds and sea air; they preserve moisture; but, if too many, in their thick and heavy mass lazy vapours stagnate; their profuse perspiration is unwholesome; they shut out the golden sun and ventilating breeze.

10. It should seem as if the number of trees must have been diminished for ages, for in no cultivated country does the growth of trees equal the waste of them. A few gentlemen raise plantations, but many more cut down; and the farmer thinks not of so lofty a thing as the growth of ages. Trees are too lofty to want the hand of man.

11. The florist may mingle his tulips, and spread the paper ruff on his carnations; he may trim his mount of roses and his laurel hedge; but the lofty growth of trees soars far above him. If he presumes to fashion them with his shears, and trim them into fanciful or mathematical shapes, offended taste will mock all his improvements. Even in planting he can do little. He may succeed in fancying a clump, or laying out an avenue, and may, perhaps, gently incline the boughs to form the arch; but a forest was never planted,—MRS. BARBAULD.

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## LESSON CXX.

### *Importance of Science to a Practical Mechanick.*

1. LET us imagine, for a moment, the condition of an individual, who has not advanced beyond the merest elements of knowledge, who understands nothing of the principles even of his own art, and inquire what change will be wrought in his feelings, his hopes, and happiness, in all that makes up the character, by the gradual inpouring of knowledge.

2. He has now the capacity of thought, but it is a barren faculty, never nourished by the food of the mind, and never rising above the poor objects of sense. Labour and rest, the hope of mere animal enjoyment, or the fear of want, the care of providing covering and food, make up the whole sum of his existence. Such a man may be industrious, but he cannot love labour, for it is not relieved by the excitement of improving or changing the processes of his art, nor cheered by the hope of a better condition.

3. When released from labour he does not rejoice; for mere idleness is not enjoyment, and he has no book, no lesson of science, no play of the mind, no interesting pursuit, to give a zest to the hour of leisure. Home has few charms for him; he has little taste for the quiet, the social converse, and exchange of feeling and thought, the innocent enjoyments that ought to dwell there. Society has little to interest him; for he has no sympathy for the pleasures or pursuits, the cares or troubles of others, to whom he cannot feel, nor perceive his bonds of relationship.

4. All of life is but a poor boon for such a man; and happy for himself, and for mankind, if the few ties that hold him to this negative existence be not broken. Happy for him if that best and surest friend of man, that messenger of good news from heaven to the poorest wretch on earth, Religion, bringing the fear of God, appear to save him. Without her to support, should temptation assail him, what an easy victim would he fall to vice or crime! How little would be necessary to overturn his ill-balanced principles, and leave him grovelling in intemperance, or send him abroad on the ocean or the highway, an enemy to himself and his kind!

5. But, let the light of science fall upon that man; open to him the fountain of knowledge. A few principles of philosophy enter his mind, and awaken the dormant power of thought. He begins to look upon his art with an altered eye. It ceases to be a dark mechanical process, which he cannot understand; he regards it as an object of inquiry, and begins to penetrate the reasons, and acquire a new mastery over his own instruments.

6. He finds other and better modes of doing what he had done before, blindly and without interest, a thousand times. He learns to profit by the experience of others, and ventures upon untried paths. Difficulties, which before would have stopped him at the outset, receive a ready solution from some luminous principle of science.

7. He gains new knowledge and new skill, and can improve

the quality of his manufacture, while he shortens the process and diminishes his own labour. Then labour becomes sweet to him; it is accompanied by the consciousness of increasing power; it is leading him forward to a higher place among his fellow men. Relaxation, too, is sweet to him, as it enables him to add to his intellectual stores, and to mature, by undisturbed meditation, the plans and conceptions of the hour of labour.

8. His home has acquired a new charm; for he is become a man of thought, and feels and enjoys the peace and seclusion of that sacred retreat; and he carries thither the honest complacency, which is the companion of well-earned success. There, too, bright visions of the future sphere open upon him, and excite a kindly feeling towards those who are to share in his prosperity.

9. Thus his mind and heart expand together. He has become an intelligent being, and, while he has learned to esteem himself, he has also learned to live no longer for himself alone. Society opens like a new world to him; he looks upon his fellow creatures with interest and sympathy, and feels that he has a place in their affections and respect.

10. Temptations assail him in vain. He is armed by high and pure thoughts. He takes a wider view of his relations with the beings about and above him. He welcomes every generous virtue that adorns and dignifies the human character. He delights in the exercise of reason. He glories in the consciousness and the hope of immortality.—G. B. EMERSON.

## LESSON CXXI

### *On Early Rising.*

1. Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.  
The breath of night is destructive to the hue  
Of every flower that blows. Go to the field,  
And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps,  
Soon as the sun departs: Why close the eyes  
Of blossoms infinite, ere the still moon  
Her oriental veil puts off?

Think why,  
Nor let the sweetest blossom be exposed  
That nature boasts, to night's unkindly damp.  
Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,  
Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam

Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.  
 Give to repose the solemn hour she claims;  
 And, from the forehead of the morning, steal  
 The sweet occasion. Oh! there is a charm  
 That morning has, that gives the brow of age  
 A smack of youth, and makes the lip of youth  
 Breathe perfumes exquisite.

3. Expect it not,  
 Ye who, till noon, upon a down-bed lie,  
 Indulging feverish sleep, or, wakeful, dream  
 Of happiness no mortal heart has felt,  
 But in the regions of romance. Ye fair,  
 Like you it must be wooed or never won;  
 And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask  
 For milk of roses and Olympian dew.  
 Cosmetick art no tincture can afford,  
 The faded features to restore: no chain,  
 Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,  
 Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.—HURDIS.

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## LESSON CXXII.

### *A West Indian Landscape.*

1. In order to make our readers better acquainted with this country, we shall attempt to describe a morning in the Antilles. For this purpose, let us watch the moment when the sun, appearing through a cloudless and serene atmosphere, illumines with his rays the summits of the mountains, and gilds the leaves of the plantain and orange trees. The plants are spread over with gossamer of fine and transparent silk, or gemmed with dew-drops and the vivid hues of industrious insects reflecting unnumbered tints from the rays of the sun.

2. The aspect of the richly cultivated valleys is different, but not less pleasing; the whole of nature teems with the most varied productions. It often happens, after the sun has dissipated the mist above the crystal expanse of the ocean, that the scene is changed by an optical illusion. The spectator observes sometimes a sand-bank rising out of the deep, or distant canoes in the red clouds, floating in an aerial sea, while their shadows, at the same time, are accurately delineated below them. This phenomenon, to which the French have given the name of *mirage*, is not uncommon in equatorial climates.

3. Europeans may admire the views in this Archipelago during the cool temperature of the morning: the lofty mountains are adorned with thick foliage; the hills, from their summits to the very borders of the sea, are fringed with plants of never-fading verdure; the mills, and sugar-works near them, are obscured by their branches, or buried in their shade.

4. The appearance of the valleys is remarkable. To form even an imperfect idea of it, we must group together the palm tree, the cocoa-nut, and mountain cabbage, with the tamarind, the orange, and the waving plumes of the bamboo-cane. Fields of sugar-cane, the houses of the planters, the huts of the negroes, and the distant coast lined with ships, add to the beauty of a West Indian landscape. At sunrise, when no breeze ripples the surface of the ocean, it is frequently so transparent, that one can perceive, as if there were no intervening medium, the channel of the water, and observe the shellfish scattered on the rocks, or reposing on the sand.

5. A hurricane is generally preceded by an awful stillness of the elements; the air becomes close and heavy; the sun is red; and the stars at night seem unusually large. Frequent changes take place in the thermometer, which rises sometimes from eighty to ninety degrees. Darkness extends over the earth; the higher regions gleam with lightning.

6. The impending storm is first observed on the sea: foaming mountains rise suddenly from its clear and motionless surface. The wind rages with unrestrained fury: its noise may be compared to distant thunder. The rain descends in torrents; shrubs and lofty trees are borne down by the mountain stream; the rivers overflow their banks, and submerge the plains.

7. Terror and consternation seem to pervade the whole of animated nature; land birds are driven into the ocean, and those whose element is the sea, seek for refuge in the woods. The frightened beasts of the field herd together, or roam in vain for a place of shelter. It is not a contest of two opposite winds, or a roaring ocean that shakes the earth: all the elements are thrown into confusion; the equilibrium of the atmosphere seems as if it were destroyed; and nature appears to hasten to her ancient chaos.

8. Scenes of sudden desolation have often been disclosed in these islands to the morning's sun: uprooted trees, branches shivered from their trunks, and the ruins of houses, have been strewed over the land. The planter is sometimes unable to distinguish the place of his former possessions. Fertile valleys are changed in a few hours into dreary wastes, covered with the carcasses of domestic animals, and the fowls of heaven.

MALTE-BRUN.

## LESSON CXXIII.

*Supposed Speech of John Adams in favour of the Declaration of Independence.*

1. SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand, and my heart, to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

2. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague, near you; are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

4. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

5. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put

longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us: it will give us character abroad.

6. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge, that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

7. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

8. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found.

9. I know the people of these colonies, and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

10. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the publick halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunkerhill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

11. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed,

may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

12. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

13. Sir, before God, I believe that the hour is come. My judgement approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER.—WEBSTER.

#### LESSON CXXIV.

##### *The Western Emigrant.*

1. AMID these forest shades that proudly reared  
Their unshorn beauty towards the favouring skies,  
An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm,  
Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side  
His little son with question and response  
Beguiled the toil.
2. "Boy, thou hast never seen  
Such glorious trees, and when the giant trunks  
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou  
The mighty river on whose breast we sailed  
So many days on toward the setting sun?

Compared to that, our own Connecticut  
Is but a creeping stream."

3. "Father, the brook,  
That by our door went singing, when I launched  
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,  
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me  
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye  
They are as strangers. And those little trees  
My mother planted in the garden, bound,  
Of our *first home*, from whence the fragrant peach  
Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure  
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."
4. "What, ho! my little girl," and with light step  
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,  
And setting down the basket that contained  
The noon's repast, looked upward to his face  
With sweet, confiding smile.
5. "See, dearest, see  
Yon bright winged paroquet, and hear the song  
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,  
Making rich musick. Did'st thou ever hear  
In far New England such a mellow tone?"
6. "I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
Did make me joyful, as I went to tend  
My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,  
In that *first home*. I should be happier now,  
Methinks, if I could find among these dells  
The same fresh violets."
7. Slow night drew on,  
And round the rude hut of the emigrant,  
The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm  
Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,  
And he, with head declined, sat listening long  
To the swollen waters of the Illinois,  
Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake:
8. "Wife! did I see thee brush away a tear?  
Say, was it so? Thy heart was with the halls  
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,

Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,  
Besit thee better than these rugged walls  
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home."

9. "No, No! All was so still around, methought,  
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal  
Which 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,  
So tuneful pealed. But tenderly thy voice  
Dissolved the illusion;" and the gentle smile  
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that soothed  
Her waking infant, re-assured his soul  
*That whereso'er the pure affections dwell  
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.*
10. Placid and grateful to his rest he sank ;  
But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play  
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought  
Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart  
Of his own native city : roof and spire  
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
11. Forth came remembered forms ; with curving neck  
The steed his boyhood nurtured, proudly neighed ;  
The favourite dog, exulting round his feet,  
Frisked, with shrill, joyous bark ; familiar doors  
Flew open ; greeting hands with his were linked  
In friendship's grasp ; he heard the keen debate  
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind  
Doth blend and brighten ; and till morning roved  
'Mid the loved scenery of his father-land.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY.

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## LESSON CXXV.

### *Notch in the White Mountains.*

1. THE sublime and awful grandeur of this passage baffles all description. Geometry may settle the heights of the mountains ; and numerical figures may record the measure ; but no words can tell the emotions of the soul, as it looks upward, and views the almost perpendicular precipices which line the narrow space between them ; while the senses ache with terror and astonishment, as one sees himself hedged in from all the world besides.

2. He may cast his eye forward, or backward, or to either side; he can see only upward, and there the diminutive circle of his vision is cribbed and confined by the battlements of nature "cloud-capped towers," which seem as if they wanted only the breathing of a zephyr, or the wafting of a straw against them, to displace them, and crush the prisoner in their fall.

3. Just before our visit to this place, on the twenty-sixth of June, 1826, there was a tremendous avalanche, or *slide*, as it is there called, from the mountain which makes the southern wall of the passage. An immense mass of earth and rock, on the side of the mountain, was loosened from its resting place and began to slide toward the bottom.

4. In its course, it divided into three portions, each coming down, with amazing velocity, into the road, and sweeping before it, shrubs, trees, and rocks, and filling up the road, beyond all possibility of its being removed. With great labour a pathway has been made over these fallen masses, which admits the passage of a carriage.

5. The place from which the slide, or slip, was loosened, directly in the rear of a small, but comfortable dwelling-house owned and occupied by a Mr. Willey, who has taken advantage of a narrow, a very narrow interval, where the bases of the two mountains seem to have parted and receded, as if afraid of coming into contact, to erect his lone habitation: and, were there not a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow, as we had not the finger of that Providence traced the direction of the sliding mass, neither he, nor any soul of his family, would ever have told the tale.

6. They heard the noise, when it first began to move, as it ran to the door. In terror and amazement, they beheld the mountain in motion. But what can human power effect in such an emergency? Before they could think of retreating, or ascertain which way to escape, the danger was passed.

7. One portion of the avalanche crossed the road about ten rods only from their habitation; the second, a few rods beyond that; and the third, and much the largest portion, took a much more oblique direction. The whole area, now covered by the slide, is nearly an acre; and the distance of its present bed from its former place on the side of the mountain, at which it moved over in a few minutes, is from three quarters of a mile to a mile.

8. There are many trees of large size, that came down with such force as to shiver them in pieces; and innumerable rocks of many tons weight, any one of which was sufficient to carry with it destruction to any of the labours of man. The spot a

the mountain, from which the slip was loosened, is now a naked, white rock; and its pathway downward is indicated by deep channels, or furrows, grooved in the side of the mountain, and down one of which pours a stream of water, sufficient to carry a common saw-mill.

9. From this place to the Notch, there is almost a continual ascent, generally gradual, but sometimes steep and sudden. The narrow pathway proceeds along the stream, sometimes crossing it, and shifting from the side of one mountain to the other, as either furnishes a less precarious foothold for the traveller than its fellow.

10. Occasionally it winds up the side of the steep to such a height, as to leave, on one hand or the other, a gulf of unseen depth; for the foliage of the trees and shrubs is impervious to the sight.

11. The Notch itself is formed by a sudden projection of rock from the mountain on the right or northerly side, rising perpendicularly to a great height, probably seventy or eighty feet, and by a large mass of rock on the left side, which has tumbled from its ancient location, and taken a position within twenty feet of its opposite neighbour.

12. The length of the Notch is not more than three or four rods. The moment it is passed, the mountains seem to have vanished. A level meadow, overgrown with long grass and wild flowers, and spotted with tufts of shrubbery, spreads itself before the astonished eye, on the left, and a swamp, or thicket, on the right, conceals the ridge of mountains which extend to the north: the road separates this thicket from the meadow.

13. Not far from the Notch, on the right hand side of the road, several springs issue from the rocks that compose the base of the mountain, unite in the thicket, and form the Saco river. This little stream runs across the road into the meadow, where it almost loses itself in its meandering among the bogs, but again collects its waters, and passes *under* the rock that makes the southerly wall of the Notch.

14. It is here invisible for several rods, and its presence is indicated only by its noise, as it rolls through its rugged tunnel. In wet seasons and freshets, probably a portion of the water passes *over* the fragments of rock, which are here wedged together, and form an arch, or covering, for the natural bed of the stream.

15. The sensations which affect the corporeal faculties as one views these stupendous creations of Omnipotence, are absolutely afflicting and painful. If you look at the summits of the mountains, when a cloud passes towards them, it is impos-

sible for the eye to distinguish, at such a height, which is in motion, the mountain, or the cloud; and this deception of vision produces a dizziness, which few spectators have nerve enough to endure for many minutes.

16. If the eye be fixed on the crags and masses of rock, that project from the sides of the mountains, the flesh involuntarily quivers, and the limbs seem to be impelled to retreat from a scene that threatens impendent destruction. If the thoughts which crowd upon the intellectual faculties are less painful than these sensations of flesh and blood, they are too sublime and overwhelming to be described.

17. The frequent alterations and great changes that have manifestly taken place in these majestick masses, since they were first piled together by the hand of the Creator, are calculated to awaken "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul."

18. If the "everlasting hills" thus break in pieces, and shake the shaggy covering from their sides, who will deny that

This earthly globe, the creature of a day,  
Though built by God's right hand, shall pass away?  
The sun himself, by gathering clouds oppressed,  
Shall, in his silent, dark pavilion rest;  
His golden urn shall break, and, useless, lie  
Among the common ruins of the sky;  
The stars rush headlong, in the wild commotion,  
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean?

19. Reflection needs not the authority of inspiration to warrant a belief, that this anticipation is something more than poetical. History and philosophy teach its truth, or, at least, its probability. The melancholy imaginings which it excites, are relieved by the conviction that the whole of God's creation is nothing less

Than a capacious reservoir of means,  
Formed for his use, and ready at his will;

and that, if this globe should be resolved into chaos, it will undergo a new organization, and be re-moulded into scenes of beauty, and abodes of happiness.

20. Such may be the order of nature, to be unfolded in a perpetual series of material production and decay, of creation and dissolution, a magnificent procession of worlds and systems, in the march of eternity.—J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

## LESSON CXXVI.

*Government of the People.*

1. THE sovereignty of the people is the basis of our system. With the people the power resides, both theoretically and practically. The government is a democracy, a determined, uncompromising democracy; administered immediately by the people, or by the people's responsible agents. In all the European treaties on political economy, and even in the state-papers of the holy alliance, the welfare of the people is acknowledged to be the object of government.

2. We believe so too; but, as each man's interests are safest in his own keeping, so, in like manner, the interests of the people can best be guarded by themselves. If the institution of monarchy were neither tyrannical nor oppressive, it should at least be dispensed with as a costly superfluity.

3. We believe the sovereign power should reside equally among the people. We acknowledge no hereditary distinctions, and we confer on no man prerogatives, or peculiar privileges. Even the best services rendered the state can not destroy this original and essential equality.

4. Legislation and justice are not hereditary offices; no one is born to power, no one dandled into political greatness. Our government, as it rests for support on reason and our interests, needs no protection from a nobility; and the strength and ornament of the land, consist in its industry and morality, its justice and intelligence.

5. The states of Europe are all intimately allied with the church, and fortified by religious sanctions. We approve of the influence of the religious principle on publick, not less than on private life; but we hold religion to be an affair between each individual conscience and God, superiour to all political institutions, and independent of them. Christianity was neither introduced nor reformed by the civil power; and with us the modes of worship are in no wise prescribed by the state.

6. Thus, then, the people governs, and solely; it does not divide its powers with a hierarchy, a nobility, or a king. The popular voice is all powerful with us; this is our oracle; this, we acknowledge, is the voice of God. Invention is solitary; but who shall judge of its results? Inquiry may pursue truth apart; but who shall decide if truth is overtaken? There is

no safe criterion of opinion but the careful exercise of the publick judgement; and in the science of government, as elsewhere, the deliberate convictions of mankind, reasoning on the cause of their own happiness, their own wants and interests, are the surest revelations of political truth.

G. BANCROFT.

## LESSON CXXVII.

### *Political Economy.*

1. THE language of science is frequently its most difficult part, but in political economy there are few technical terms, and those easily comprehended. It may be defined as the science which teaches us to investigate the causes of the wealth and prosperity of nations.

2. In a country of savages, you find a small number of inhabitants spread over a vast tract of land. Depending on the precarious subsistence afforded by fishing and hunting, they are frequently subject to dearths and famines, which cut them off in great numbers. As soon as they begin to apply themselves to pasturage, their means of subsistence are brought within narrower limits, requiring only that degree of wandering necessary to provide fresh pasturage for their cattle. Their flocks ensuring them a more easy subsistence, their families begin to increase; they lose, in a great measure, their ferocity, and a considerable improvement takes place in their character.

3. By degrees the art of tillage is discovered, a small tract of ground becomes capable of feeding a greater relative number of people; the necessity of wandering in search of food is superseded; families begin to settle in fixed habitations, and the arts of social life are introduced and cultivated.

4. In the savage state scarcely any form of government is established; the people seem to be under no control but that of their military chiefs in time of warfare. The possession of flocks and herds in the pastoral state introduces property, and laws are necessary for its security; the elders and leaders, therefore, of these wandering tribes begin to establish laws to violate which is to commit a crime and to incur a punishment.

5. This is the origin of social order; and when in the third state, the people settle in fixed habitations, the laws gradually assume the more regular form of monarchical or republican

government. Every thing now wears a new aspect; industry flourishes, the arts are invented, the use of metals is discovered; labour is subdivided; every one applies himself more particularly to a distinct employment, in which he becomes skilful.

6. Thus, by slow degrees, this people of savages, whose origin was so rude and miserable, become a civilized people, who occupy a highly cultivated country, crossed by fine roads, leading to wealthy and populous cities, and carrying on an extensive trade with other countries.

7. The whole business of political economy is to study the causes which have thus co-operated to enrich and civilize a nation. This science, therefore, is essentially founded upon history, not the history of sovereigns, of wars, and of intrigues, but the history of the arts, and of trade, of discoveries, and of civilization.

8. We see some countries, like America, increase rapidly in wealth and prosperity, while others, like Egypt and Syria, are impoverished, depopulated, and falling to decay; when the causes which produce these various effects are well understood, some judgement may be formed of the measures which governments have adopted to contribute to the welfare of their people; whether certain branches of commerce should be encouraged in preference to others; whether it be proper to prohibit this or that kind of merchandise; whether any peculiar encouragements should be given to agriculture; whether it be right to establish by law the price of provisions or the price of labour, or whether they should be left without control; and whether many other measures, which influence the welfare of nations, should be adopted or rejected.

9. It is manifest, therefore, that political economy consists of two parts, theory and practice; the science and the art. The science comprehends a knowledge of the facts which have been enumerated; the art relates more particularly to legislation, and consists in doing whatever is requisite to contribute to the increase of national wealth, and avoiding whatever would be prejudicial to it.—MRS. BRYAN.

## LESSON CXXVIII.

### *Friendship.*

1. FRIENDSHIP! mysterious cement of the soul,  
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,  
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me

Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.  
 Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,  
 And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,  
 Anxious to please.

2. Oh! when my friend and I  
 In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,  
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
 Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,  
 Where the pure, limpid stream has slid along  
 In grateful errors through the underwood,  
 Sweet murmuring, methought the shrill-tongued thrush  
 Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird  
 Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note:

3. The eglantine smelled sweeter, and the rose  
 Assumed a die more deep; while every flower  
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury  
 Of dress. Oh! then, the longest summer's day  
 Seemed too, too much in haste: still the full heart  
 Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness  
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

ROBERT BLAIR.

### LESSON CXXIX.

#### *The Influence of an Early Taste for Reading.*

1. THERE is, perhaps, nothing that has a greater tendency to decide favourably or unfavourably respecting a man's future intellect, than the question, whether or not he be impressed with an early taste for reading.

2. Books are the depository of every thing that is most honourable to man. He that loves reading has every thing within his reach. He has but to desire, and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge, and power to reform.

3. The chief point of difference between the man of talent and the man without, consists in the different ways in which their minds are employed during the same interval; they are obliged, we will suppose, to walk from Templebar to Hyde-park corner: the dull man goes straight forward, he has so

many furlongs to traverse: he observes whether he meets any of his acquaintance; he inquires respecting their health and their family; he glances his eye, perhaps, at the shops as he passes; he admires, perchance, the fashion of a buckle, and the metal of a tea-urn.

4. If he experience any flights of fancy, they are of a short extent; of the same nature as the flights of a forest bird clipped of his wings, and condemned to pass the rest of his life in a farm-yard.

5. On the other hand, the man of talent gives full scope to his imagination. Undebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. He enters into nice calculations; he digests sagacious reasonings. In imagination he declaims, or describes, impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture. He makes a thousand new and admirable combinations. He passes through a thousand imaginary scenes, tries his courage, tasks his ingenuity, and thus becomes gradually prepared to meet almost any of the many-coloured events of human life.

6. If he observes the passengers, he reads their countenances, conjectures their past history, and forms a superficial notion of their wisdom or folly, their virtue or vice, their satisfaction or misery. If he observes the scenes that occur, it is with the eye of an artist. Every object is capable of suggesting to him a volume of reflections.

7. The time of these two persons in one respect resembles; it has brought them both to Hyde-park Corner. In every other respect how dissimilar! Probably nothing has contributed so much to generate these opposite habits of mind, as an early taste for reading. Books gratify and excite our curiosity in innumerable ways.

8. They force us to reflect; they present direct ideas of various kinds, and they suggest indirect ones. In a well-written book we are presented with the maturest reflections, or the happiest flights of a mind of uncommon excellence; and it is impossible that we can be much accustomed to such companions, without attaining some resemblance of them.—GOSWIN.

## LESSON CXXX.

*Alliance between Religion and Liberty.*

1. RELIGION is an ennobling principle. It tells us that we are of a divine origin, and lie in the arms of a universal Providence; that we are connected with immortal powers by our dependance, and with an immortal life by our hopes and our destiny. It sets at a far higher elevation than could else be thought of, the dignity of our race, and the worth of the intelligence that is within us.

2. It inspires the conviction, that we are made for no mean purposes; and that they should not live as slaves on the earth, who are encouraged to expect something beyond its highest distinctions. It gives that moral courage and noble intent, which is the way to the inheritance of the best advantages. How often has it been seen in advance of prevailing opinions and manners, leading them forward.

3. How often has it furnished the first occasion for bold inquiries to go forth, and liberal truths to make themselves felt and recognised! The reply has been well pressed on those, who have wished that the African slaves might be instructed in the Christian faith. You will thus make them impatient of their subjection; you will teach them to be free; you cannot drive and scourge the bodies of a population, after you have emancipated their souls; keep them, if you would keep them at all, in the deepest ignorance, an ignorance as dark as God has made their skin, and as abject as you have made their fate.

4. Religion is an equalising principle. It treats with utter disregard those differences among men, which are produced by necessity, altered by accident, destroyed by time. It tells those in the humblest condition, that they are of one blood with the proudest; and that the common Father, who has made the light to fall as sweet, and the courses of nature to roll as gloriously, round one as another, has appointed a world, in which the only distinction is righteousness.

5. It tells the great, and the most fully prospered, and the most brilliantly endowed, that God looks not on the outward appearance, but searches the heart. It binds all by the same obligations, and invites all to the same blessings. It includes all under sin. It offers the same consolations for troubles, *from which the most favoured classes are not exempted.*

6. It points to an impartial Sovereign, before whom the high and low, they who govern, and they who serve, stand on the common level of humanity. It maintains just those truths which exalt the poor in spirit, and the depressed in circumstances, and bring down the haughty imaginations of those who would lord it over their fellows. It shows so many respects, in which we are alike and dependant, as to forbid presumption on one side; and, on the other, so many circumstances by which we are alike distinguished, as to raise the lowest above base compliances.

7. It bows us down together in prayer, and who then will boast of his superiority? It assigns us our rest together in the dust, and what then will become of the superiority? It ranges us together before the judgement seat, and how will the oppressor appear there?

8. Religion is a moral principle, essentially and vitally so; and, in this view, its importance to the cause of freedom is incalculable. That it has been refined away into unprofitable subtleties, that its records have been misinterpreted into all abomination, and its services fooled into mummery and a masque, there is no denying.

9. But it is equally undeniable that good sentiments and conduct are the very signs of its life. Its great law is duty. Its crowning glory is moral excellence. In spite of all the corruptions, which ignorance and fraud, ambition and phrensy, have heaped upon it, it has been always accomplishing much in the work of a spiritual regeneration.

10. It has spread itself through the masses of society, like a refiner's fire. That it does no more for the community we may wonder, perhaps; but there is cause of thankfulness that it does so much. It is the most precious auxiliary of liberty, then; for, without moral cultivation, what would that be but lawlessness, a wild state of insecurity and excesses? It is righteousness that makes a people fit to be free, and noble in its freedom.

11. Religion is an independent principle. It ill bears dictation and control. It is jealous of its freedom. It dwells in its own world of thought, and hope, and sensibility, and refuses to yield there to the hand of a master. It sets up its altars and holy usages; and has it not always been one of the most perilous attempts of tyranny to violate or overthrow them? "And, when they saw the sanctuary desolate, and the altar profaned, they blew an alarm with the trumpets, and appealed to heaven."

12. Many of the earliest resistances to oppression sprang from indignation at an abridged liberty here. The rights of

conscience were among the first to be discerned and acted on. The maintaining of them long preceded the abstract discussion of political rights, and prepared men for the understanding and defence of those also.

13. The patriot has taken copy of the martyr. The struggle for free thought, has led on the struggle for free government. There is a force in religious conviction and feeling, that is the most expansive of all forces. It cannot be restrained by any arbitrary impositions. It owns obedience to nothing but the truth, and the truth, in both a political and moral sense, make men free.—FROTHINGHAM.

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### LESSON CXXXI.

#### *Providence Vindicated in the Present State of Man.*

1. HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
All but the page prescribed, their present state ;  
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;  
Or who could suffer being here below ?  
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason would he skip and play ?  
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
2. Oh, blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven ;  
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;  
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
3. Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;  
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.  
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
Man never is, but always to be blest.  
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,  
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
4. Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;

His soul proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.

5. To BE, contents his natural desire;  
 He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire:  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.  
 Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;  
 Say here, he gives too little, there too much.
6. In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of ORDER, sins against the ETERNAL CAUSE.—POPE.

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#### LESSON CXXXII.

*Speech of a Creek Indian in a Council of his Nation, against the use of Spirituous Liquors.*

1. I do not stand up, Oh, countrymen! to propose the plans of war, or to direct the wisdom of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances. My intention is to open to your view, a subject not less worthy of your deliberate notice.

2. I perceive the eye of this assembly dwells upon me. Oh! may every heart be unveiled from its prejudices, and receive the disinterested, the pious, the filial obedience I owe to my country; when I step forth to be the accuser of my brethren: not of treachery; not of cowardice; not of deficiency in the noblest of all passions, the love of the publick: these, I glory in boasting, are *incompatible* with the character of a Creek.

3. The tyrant I arraign before you, Oh, Creeks ! is no native of our soil, but a lurking *miscreant*, an *emissary* of the evil principle of darkness. It is that pernicious liquid, which our pretended white friends artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us.

4. Tremble, O ye Creeks ! when I thunder in your ears *this denunciation*, that if the cup of perdition continue to rule with so intemperate a sway among us, ye will cease to be a nation : ye will have neither heads to direct, nor hands to protect ; this *diabolical* juice will undermine all the powers of your bodies and minds. In the day of battle, the warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow with inoffensive zeal : in the day of council ; when national safety hangs suspended on the lips of the hoary Sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits, and drive out the babblings of a second childhood.

5. Think not, Oh, Creeks ! that I present an imaginary picture, to amuse or affright : it is too evident ! it is too fatally evident, that we find the vigour of our youth abating ; our numbers decreasing ; our ripened manhood a premature victim to diseases, to sickness, and to death ; and our venerable *Sachems* a scanty number.

6. Does not that desertion of all our reasoning powers, when we are under the dominion of that depraved monster, that barbarian madness wherewith it inspires us, prove, beyond a doubt, that it dislocates all our intellectual faculties, pulls down reason from her throne, and dissipates every ray of the Divinity within us ? I need not, I hope, make it a question to any in this assembly, whether he would prefer the intemperate use of this liquor, to clear perceptions, sound judgement, and a mind exulting in its own reflections ?

7. However great may be the force of habit, how insinuating soever the influence of example, I persuade myself, and perceive by your countenances, Oh, Creeks ! that there is not one before whom I stand, so shameless, so lost to the weaker impulses of humanity, that the very whisperings of reason, are not to acknowledge the *turpitude* of such a choice.

## LESSON CXXXIII.

*Patience under Provocations, our Interest as well as Duty.*

1. THE wide circle of human society is diversified by an endless variety of characters, dispositions, and passions. Uniformity is, in no respect, the genius of the world. Every man is marked by some peculiarity which distinguishes him from another: and no where can two individuals be found, who are exactly and in all respects alike. Where so much diversity obtains, it cannot but happen, that in the intercourse which men are obliged to maintain, their tempers will often be ill adjusted to that intercourse; will jar, and interfere with each other.

2. Hence, in every station, the highest as well as the lowest, and in every condition of life, publick, private, and domestick, occasions of irritation frequently arise. We are provoked, sometimes, by the folly and levity of those with whom we are connected; sometimes, by their indifference or neglect; by the incivility of a friend, the haughtiness of a superiour, or the insolent behaviour of one in lower station.

3. Hardly a day passes, without somewhat or other occurring, which serves to ruffle the man of impatient spirit. Of course, such a man lives in a continual storm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. Servants, neighbours, friends, spouse, and children, all, through the unrestrained violence of his temper, become sources of disturbance and vexation to him. In vain is affluence; in vain are health and prosperity. The least trifle is sufficient to discompose his mind, and poison his pleasures. His very amusements are mixed with turbulence and passion.

4. I would beseech this man to consider, of what small moment the provocations which he receives, or at least imagines himself to receive, are really in themselves; but of what great moment he makes them, by suffering them to deprive him of the possession of himself. I would beseech him to consider how many hours of happiness he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy: and how much he puts it in the power of the most insignificant persons to render him miserable.

5. "But who can expect," we hear him exclaim, "that he is to possess the insensibility of a stone? How is it possible for human nature to endure so many repeated provocations? or to bear calmly with so unreasonable behaviour?" My

brother! if thou canst bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, withdraw thyself from the world. Thou art no longer fit to live in it. Leave the intercourse of men. Retreat to the mountain, and the desert; or shut thyself up in a cell. For here, in the midst of society, *offences must come*.

6. We might as well expect, when we behold a calm atmosphere, and a clear sky, that no clouds were ever to rise, and no winds to blow, as that our life were long to proceed, without receiving provocations from human frailty. The careless and the imprudent, the giddy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the interested, every where meet us. They are the briers and thorns, with which the paths of human life are beset. He only, who can hold his course among them with patience and equanimity, he who is prepared to bear what he must expect to happen, is worthy of the name of man.

7. If we preserved ourselves composed but for a moment, we should perceive the insignificance of most of those provocations which we magnify so highly. When a few suns more have rolled over our heads, the storm will, of itself, have subsided; the cause of our present impatience and disturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can we not then anticipate this hour of calmness to ourselves; and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring?

8. If others have behaved improperly, let us leave them to their own folly, without becoming the victim of their caprice, and punishing ourselves on their account. Patience, in this exercise of it, cannot be too much studied by all who wish their life to flow in a smooth stream. It is the reason of a man, in opposition to the passion of a child. It is the enjoyment of peace, in opposition to uproar and confusion.—BLAIR.

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#### LESSON CXXXIV.

#### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

*The Unanimous Declaration of the Congress of the Thirteen United States of America, passed July 4, 1776.*

1. When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect

to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

2. We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

3. He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the publick good.

4. He has forbidden his governours to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

5. He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the repository of their publick records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

6. He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

7. He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise, the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

8. He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of land.

9. He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

10. He has made judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

11. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

12. He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

13. He has affected to render the military independent of, and superiour to, the civil power.

14. He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

15. For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

16. For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

17. For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

18. For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

19. For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

20. For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

21. For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighbouring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

22. For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments:

23. For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring

themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

24. He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

25. He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

26. He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

27. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

28. He has excited domestick insurrections among us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

29. In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.

30. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

31. Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

32. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of

Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved ; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honours.

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"Notwithstanding the great improvement which, of late years, has taken place in children's books, there was still a want of elementary works, of a proper description, and the one before us, which seems well calculated to supply the deficiency must be found very useful."—*Am. Boston Traveller*.

## NOTICES OF COBB'S EXPLANATORY ARITHMETICK.

"Mr. Cobb, already well known by his Spelling-Book, his School Dictionary, and other works for beginners, has applied a clear and discriminating mind, to abate the difficulties to first learners, (and many there are who never overcome them,) of the rules and practice of Arithmetick. The merit of this little treatise is, that it illustrates plainly and intelligibly to any capacity, the principles on which the several rules depend, and gives a reason for every result and process, thus satisfying the understanding, instead of merely tasking the memory. We think teachers must find benefit from adopting this Arithmetick."—*New York American*.

"It combines theoretical with mental Arithmetick, and in giving the usual rules, enters into a detailed explanation of the reason on which it is founded. The plan appears to us a good one."—*New York Evening Post*.

"Mr Lyman Cobb, of New York, who has been so successful in the compilation of a Dictionary and a Spelling-Book, for schools, has recently published a very small book, which he calls "Explanatory Arithmetick." It is entirely elementary, and in arrangement and plan, takes a middle ground with reference to the works of Daboll, Walsh, and Adams, and those of Smith, Colburn, and Emerson. The former, it will be recollected, gave rules, with few or no explanations. The latter omitted rules, and depended entirely on illustration. The attempt of Mr. Cobb is worth the notice of teachers. The mental operation, it has always appeared to us, required some visible sign, and some established rules."—*U. S. Gazette*.

"The table belonging to each rule is first given, and then the examples follow for mental exercise. Each rule is also accompanied with examples for theoretical as well as practical exercise, in which is imbodyed much useful information. The work is altogether a clever performance, and will much facilitate both the instructor and scholar."—*N. Y. Mer. Ad.*

"The author appears to have applied to this little treatise, a clear and well-disciplined mind, and to have wrought out, for beginners in Arithmetick, a compendium of rules and practice that will facilitate their advancement in the study. Its leading merit is, that it illustrates plainly and intelligibly, to any capacity, the principles on which the several rules depend; and gives a reason for every result and process; thus satisfying the understanding, instead of merely tasking the memory."—*American (Boston) Traveller*.

"No 1, which is before us, contains only the fundamental rules of Arithmetick; but they are presented in a manner at once so simple and lucid, and have so many examples for mental and mathematical operations, that no child can pass through the book, under the direction of a faithful teacher, without having the rules, their reasons, and their uses, indelibly fixed in his memory. No 2, will contain the compound rules, and a practical system of book-keeping. Mr. Cobb has earned a celebrity by his labours in philology, and general education, that few men attain, who, like him, have not passed the meridian of life."—*Badger's Weekly Messenger*.

"One peculiar advantage of this book will be, as we conceive, that the teacher will be put in possession of a well digested system of explanations, which, whatever may be the extent of his mathematical knowledge, will not fail to be serviceable to him in imparting that knowledge to his pupils."—*New York Sentinel*.

"This work appears to be the first of an intended series; such a treatise, we have long thought, has been much needed; and a slight examination of this little volume must satisfy teachers, parents, and pupils, that it deserves introduction into all our seminaries of elementary instruction, for reason of the numerous and peculiar advantages which it affords."—*New York Evening Journal*.

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